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Photo by M. Ladrey Disdéri.

M. FÉLIX FAURE, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I am told that the author of the "Hawarden Horace" has received from Mr. Gladstone a very pleasant acknowledgment of the work. This is as it should be; it is nothing surprising that so witty and brilliant a *jeu d'esprit* should have been appreciated even by the subject of its satire, but there are some men—and even great men—who can see nothing to admire under such circumstances: their *amour propre* is too sensitive to admit of it. Mr. Gladstone has proved himself superior to any feeling of this kind, and his conduct agreeably contrasts with that of certain thoughtless flatterers in the Press, who have tried in vain to persuade him that "he would do well to be angry" about the matter. He has evidently only been amused. A very proper emotion for a great man to feel at a good-natured jest made at his own expense.

"Only rich people," remarked the astute Mr. Commissioner Kerr the other day, "can afford to dress shabbily." This is, of course, true, but their doing so has its embarrassments: they are given "tips" intended for persons in a very inferior position in life, and I have even known one person with ten thousand a year or so who was given twopence in the street as an object of charity. In some cases the habit of being ill-attired is as much the result of vanity as that of the choicest splendour. Diogenes made the same remark upon the gilt youth of Rhodes as on the sordid appearance of the young Spartans: "This is pride." But some people have a natural objection to fine clothes. Peter the Great told William III. that what struck him most favourably during his residence here was "the simplicity of dress in the richest nation of Europe." He himself abhorred splendour: one who lived at his Court for many years tells us how difficult it was to make him dress up to his position. When, in 1721, the Persian Ambassadors were presented to him he sat on the throne in a coarse brown jacket till some attendant threw on him, amid shrieks of laughter from the Empress Catherine, a coat of blue *gros de Naples* embroidered with silver. This identical garment was made for his marriage, and still covers his effigy in wax in the Academy of Science in St. Petersburg. Some folks wear inferior articles from the consciousness that their position will acquit them of doing so. I remember, as a boy, admiring the splendid gold chain and seals worn by General B—, the Commandant of the town in which my family were staying. "My dear boy," he said with his frank and pleasant smile, "that is the advantage of being a Commandant: they are Mosaic gold and worth about fifteen bob, but no' one will ever suppose it." I knew a great whist-player whose insuperable objection to "war-paint"—that is, evening clothes—often prevented him from partaking of his favourite game. He showed me once a pleasant note he had received from an intending host: "Come dressed as you please, my dear fellow; when a man is a trump, what signifies about his suit!" The man who despises "war-paint" is, of course, a very superior individual to the man who cannot dine without it; but there is no doubt that carelessness in attire is apt to degenerate into something much more serious. I have known a noble lord and Cabinet Minister come to his club with shoes down at heel and holes in his stockings, and a pocket-handkerchief hanging out of his pocket which no self-respecting thief would look at twice.

How strangely sounds any attempt to change the conventional description of ordinary occurrences! The creation of a new batch of Q.C.'s is thus announced in a leading journal: "Silk has been taken by the following members of the Junior Bar." This strikes one as though it referred to conveyancing, or to what "the wise do call" conveyancing. It is known that business with gentlemen of the long robe is very slack, and one is disinclined to be hard upon those who are tempted by their necessities, yet the statement gave me a distinct shock. Journalists should be careful in departing from established forms of expressions.

When folks let their houses they are sometimes very particular as to the uses to which they may be put. They object to their being made public-houses or butchers' shops; some are so fastidious as to specify that no brass plate shall be put on the door, lest some derogatory trade, such as that of the chiropodist, should be inscribed upon it. The tenant, however, is sometimes too clever to be restrained by any of these precautions. He has an idea in his mind when he takes the house that never enters the head of a respectable landlord. For instance, fleas. A landlord has brought an action against a tenant for turning his lodging-house into an exhibition of performing fleas. Neither he nor his lawyer ever thought of *that*, or it would have been guarded against in the lease. The rent was paid all right, but what he seems to have been afraid of was that when the tenant departed he might leave some of his *dramatis personæ*, so to speak, behind him. They might not all be so docile as the Brighton Pier flea, who, though he had a trick of disappearance from the stage, came when he was called, and "answered to the name of Charlie." From what is known of lodging-houses the notion of a performing flea or two being left in the house does not seem so abnormally

prejudicial; they might even evict the original inhabitants, to whom the poet has dedicated his nightly hours at the seaside—

Two of itching, three of scratching,
Four of hunting, none of catching—

and drive them forth as the Hanover rat did the other rats. The landlord got his case, but there are worse things than fleas. It is not generally known, however, that they have, or had, a place in the *Pharmacopœia*. Giles Fletcher tells us that John Basiliowitz sent to the city of Moscow to provide for him a measure full of fleas, for a medicine. "They answered that it was impossible (that there was not such a thing as a flea in the place), and even if they could get them yet they could not measure them, because of their leaping out. Upon which he set a fine upon the city of 7000 roubles." What a blessing a local exhibition of these intelligent little creatures, who only leapt when they were told to do so, would have been then! The most important part that a flea has ever played was probably when Apollyon took the shape of one in order to distract St. Domingo from his theological studies. But as he skipped upon the page we are told that the saint "fixed him as a mark where he left off, and used him so throughout the volume."

The aspiration of the young negro when called to address the prayer-meeting—"Lord make me conspicuous!"—seems at least to have been that of an honest man. The desire appears to be common enough, but few of us have the frankness to express it so publicly. It seems also that his intentions were honourable, for there is nothing which a dishonest man has such reason to dread as conspicuously. At the same time, one must remember that that nigger-boy was young. One may address a prayer-meeting in early life, and rob a church at maturity. The sin of Mr. Harry Conway, now in trouble for making himself an umbrella-stand (carrying off no less than fifty of them from their manufacturer in a sack), could hardly have been original, except in the theological sense, or he surely would not have tattooed himself, as he did, from head to heel. Had he had the least intention of becoming a thief, he would not have had a full-rigged ship inscribed on one calf, and on the other a man on horseback. "What a lucky fellow you are!" said Rogers to Moore. "Surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed." Moore might well have retorted, "Better for me if I had been born a banker, with a silver spoon in my mouth," but at all events Moore's gifts in the way of decoration were very inferior to those of Mr. Conway: On his chest and on his arms were full-blown roses; on his hands wedding-rings, stars, and trimmings. (The nature of these last is doubtful; they can hardly be the vegetables which are said to be the proper accompaniments of a leg of mutton); on each knee was a true-love knot, and he was as full of hearts and darts as a valentine. Conceive an individual thus profusely illustrated becoming a thief, with whom the one thing to be avoided is recognition! With such immense disadvantages he must have either had a very strong inclination for robbery (like that of a gentleman for painting who takes to that profession without arms) or be exceedingly reckless. Reckless, indeed, he certainly must be to have made off with fifty umbrellas belonging to somebody else at one "go." There are probably very few of us who have ever taken more than one—at a time.

The niceties of what it is permissible to do in England on Sundays in the way of recreation are very curious. In Scotland there are fewer doubts about the matter: you may walk upon the Sabbath, but not upon the ice, for sliding is backsliding; you may talk, but you may not whistle. The day itself is not a "lawful day," and everything done upon it not of a serious kind is also unlawful. In England, except in the most rigid Sabbatarian circles, you may slide (between Church services) but you may not skate. In many parishes cricket is encouraged by the clergy on Sunday afternoons, and I have even known some of them partake of the game; but they would look upon a game of football with horror. In the vicinity of London there are hundreds of country houses with gardens, owned by persons of the highest respectability, where lawn-tennis is not, indeed, encouraged, but permitted upon the seventh day; these houses have billiard-rooms, but to take the cloth off their tables, save on week-days, would be held a sacrilege. Our juveniles have no choice in the matter; but even the strictest mothers, characteristically misled by the "name of the thing," permit the "Mosaic Puzzle" to be on the nursery table, from which all other toys have been religiously eliminated. Similarly, children of a larger growth are allowed to play at "proverbs" in the drawing-room, where "tradition" or "how, when, and where," would be considered almost as outrageous as "hunt the slipper." These niceties of Sabbatarian scruples have existed for years, and have been settled by a sort of local option, some neighbourhoods being much more strict, and *vice versa*, than others; but the whole question threatens to break out afresh over the game of golf. The attraction of this amusement is very powerful, and one knows many excellent persons who play no other game on Sunday but golf. The idea of hockey, for instance, would be revolting to their respectability; but little by little, and with a sort of hope that it would not be noticed,

they have had their round or two on their favourite links on the seventh day as on other days. And now I notice that the clergy are beginning to denounce them from their pulpits for so doing in no measured terms. It is probable that we shall hear more of this: the persons reprobated are not of the smart and fashionable sort, and are not, as a rule, addicted to Sabbath-breaking in any form; but they almost all belong to the educated and professional classes, who exceedingly resent dictation in such matters. Their wives, however, who are as jealous of their devotion to golf as though it were another woman, will probably side with their spiritual advisers. It will be interesting to see which of the two parties in the coming struggle will be "bunkered."

Bowls was a game almost excluded from the forbidden relaxations of the Sabbath; its smooth movements and the scene of them, which was generally some shady and secluded spot, were agreeable to the ecclesiastical temperament, when not given to controversy. According to Strype, Aylmer, Bishop of London, "upon the green at his country seat at Fulham used to play bowls on a Sunday with his clerical and other guests."

Sabbatarianism was not in the ascendant in old times as it is at present. It was despised as being associated with Judaism. Howell tells us of a Jew in the reign of Henry III. who fell into a dirty London ditch on a Saturday, and though in some danger, declined assistance from religious motives, as the work did not seem to be one of absolute necessity. The Earl of Gloucester, governor of the city, in contempt of this strictness, would not permit anyone to relieve the poor wretch upon the following day because it was the Sabbath of the Christians, whereupon, a victim to a religious scruple in duplicate, he was suffocated. In order to prevent travelling through Abingdon on a Sunday during divine service, the Corporation caused a rope to be stretched across the principal street. Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was thus hindered on his journey, and so far from resisting the order, we are told, "quietly descended from his carriage, and entering the church, remained there till the conclusion of the service."

Even in the North, however, the Sabbatarians found occasionally that those whom they denounced so freely had a kick left in them. Cunningham, the pastoral poet, was reproved by the reverend (and corpulent) Mr. Brown for fishing in the river on the Sabbath as being doubly reprehensible, since his talents should have taught him better. The poor poet turned (like the worm) and answered, "Your external appearance, reverend Sir, tells me that if your dinner were at the bottom of this river, as mine is, you would angle for it, though your Saviour stood by to reprove you."

Mr. George Gissing is an author apart; he belongs to no school, and has founded none. He describes human life with the relentlessness of a Zola, but without his uncleanness. His characters do not lead happy lives, nor, it is fair to add, do they generally deserve to do so. No doubt he could draw gentlemen and ladies if he chose, but he does not choose. The subjects of his pen are, for the most part, at best genteel, and not so very genteel. So far as I remember, he never indulges in humour, nor permits his *dramatis personæ* to do so. Their lives are not worth living, but thanks to the genius he unquestionably possesses they are well worth describing. He contrives to interest us in them in spite of ourselves. They are unhappy and frequently morose, their views are commonplace and sordid, they are often vicious in an unattractive fashion, yet we feel that they are real people, photographed from the life; indeed, they are themselves like photographs—cheap ones—ugainly, uncomely, and colourless. Their end, like their beginning, is almost always an unhappy one. The note from first to last is pessimist. Still, out of these unpromising materials it is seldom that Mr. George Gissing fails to weave an attractive tale. He is obviously in earnest, and yet so disinclined to preach, so sympathetic, yet without a particle of gush; above all, he strikes one as being honest as the day, with entire freedom from affectation. He deals with the vulgar from their own standpoint—not humorously, as Dickens did, and far less *de haut en bas*; he describes them with pitiless accuracy, but without apology. "In the Year of Jubilee" is quite as good as anything he has written. It is, as usual, crowded with characters not one of whom can lay claim to be a hero, though none has a *valet de chambre* to question it. Mary Woodruff, a housekeeper worthily translated to the parlour, is the only one of the *dramatis personæ* who is favourably presented to our notice. The principal personage, Lionel Tarrant, speaks of her as "that most wonderful phenomenon in nature—an uneducated woman who was neither vulgar nor foolish." And all the other women in the book are uneducated. Tarrant—though when he throws off the slough of dissipation he becomes a prig, and has views he believes to be philosophic, but which in fact are very silly, about marriage and other social matters—is an interesting study, full of contradictions, and yet singularly lifelike. This, indeed, is the charm of the novel: the people in it are all alive; there are no marionettes, which is fortunate, since there is no dance-music provided for them.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

M. Félix Faure, who was elected on Jan. 17 by the Congress of both Houses of the Legislature to be the President of the French Republic in succession to M. Casimir-Perier, was born in Paris on Jan. 30, 1841, so is nearing his fifty-fourth birthday. Unlike many self-made men (who, as Lowell wittily said, often reflect little credit on their maker), M. Faure is widely esteemed by all who know him. He is, like Molière, the son of an upholsterer, and for many years he has been an important fellmonger in Havre. He was deputy-mayor of this flourishing sea-port during the war of 1870, and as captain of the Mobiles of the Seine-Inférieure was rewarded with the Riband of the Legion of Honour. After defeat in 1876, he gained a seat in the Chamber five years later, and has since that date continued to represent Havre. M. Gambetta recognised his ability by making him Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1881, a post he filled also in M. Jules Ferry's Cabinet of 1883, M. Brisson's Cabinet of 1885, and M. Tirard's Cabinet of 1887. In May 1894 he was appointed Minister of Marine in the Dupuy Cabinet, an office for which his long connection with shipping admirably qualified him. Statistics have a great charm for M. Faure, and he is the author of a book in which the various European Budgets are critically examined and compared. One of his appreciators said, in advance of his entry into the Elysée, that he would bring a smile into that solemn mansion, a prophecy which has been verified by the new President's genial conduct. He made an immediate impression on the people of Paris by presenting the poor with 20,000 francs, in addition to 1500 francs to the poor of Havre, and other gifts. In connection with his education it is interesting to learn that after attending a private school, M. Faure spent two years in this country, acquiring a knowledge of the English language and of commerce. He married at the age of twenty-three the daughter of M. Guinot, then Mayor of Amboise, where he first settled in business. He has two daughters; one of whom is married, and the other often acts as her father's secretary. M. Faure is an active, athletic man, tall and amiable. The Queen has written an autograph letter to the new President, congratulating him on his election.

DUTCH SKATING, ISLE OF MARKEN.

Skating is part of the business of winter in Holland, as well as a healthful pastime. In many districts at this season it becomes the easiest and quickest mode of travelling from the villages and farmhouses to the market-towns. The most noted display of this art, however, as a sportive accomplishment is at Slikkerveer, on the Maas, some miles above Rotterdam, under the direction of the Dutch Skating Association. The skates used have very long runners, and points curving back at the toes. The ice here is not that of the river, but a large space obtained by flooding the low ground adjacent. A party of skaters will join together, holding a long pole under their arms. At Slikkerveer, being a place very accessible from such towns as Rotterdam and Dordt, most of the skaters are townsfolk, and few quaint rustic dresses are to be seen. It is different in some of the northern and eastern provinces, especially in Friesland, where the peasantry and well-to-do farmers, with the women-folk, still wear their ancient costumes. The shores and isles of the Zuider Zee, indeed, exhibit much that is curiously old-fashioned in the manners and habits of the people. Volendam is on the west coast of that wide shallow gulf, which the Dutch Government now contemplates draining and reclaiming to the extent of two-thirds its area. The fishermen's households contain many specimens of old china or porcelain, carved woodwork, silver plate, and embroidery, worth putting on the shelves of a museum. The holiday dress of the men is a tight jacket, of maroon colour, with silver buttons, which is slashed in front to show the gay red or blue shirt, huge baggy trousers, boots, and furred cap; while their wives and daughters or sisters, in white muslin caps with long pendants, golden plates or golden spiral ornaments at the sides of the forehead, and frocks of thick woollen striped black and blue, make an equal show of the taste of the good old times. The little isle of Marken, five miles out from Volendam, is a mere sand-bank or mud-bank, with a thousand inhabitants living in clusters of wooden cottages, one-storeyed, roofed with tiles, and painted red, blue, or green. This small isolated community is thought to be the remnant of a peculiar race, more ancient than the Hollander of the mainland. They have customs and traditions of their own; and whenever any of them appears in the streets of Amsterdam he at once excites the notice of city people. Marken will be submerged for ever, but full compensation

will be paid to its inhabitants, if ever the Zuider Zee draining scheme be carried into effect.

THE BEAUTIES OF BROADWAY.

In gazetteers there are many Broadways, but to American tourists there is but one Broadway in England, and that the little village in Worcestershire which has become the Newlyn of the Midlands, a resort for artists and lovers of the picturesque. Five miles from Evesham, a place which has been interesting lately for political reasons, Broadway is one of the few hamlets which still have a mediaeval appearance. Its inn, dating back to the seventeenth century, is particularly pleasing to the artistic eye, which looks in vain for many old-fashioned hostelleries like this. The houses in Broadway are built of stone, and have mullioned windows and gables. After the retreat from Worcester, King Charles quartered his troops here; then the place was called Broadway Street, not without reason, for it consists of a street nearly a mile in length. The old parish church, supplanted since 1839 by a modern edifice, is a cruciform building of the twelfth century, and stands in a valley at the foot of the Broadway Hills about a mile from the village. Its ancient font is an object of particular interest. The old manor-house of the Abbots of Pershore is another landmark fortunately preserved.

SURGEON E. S. MCKAY.

A tragic end has come to Surgeon E. S. McKay, to whose many courageous exploits must now be added that which terminated his career near Lake Nyassa on Oct. 26.



Photo by West, Gosport.

THE LATE SURGEON E. S. MCKAY.

From the peaceful victories obtained as a champion cyclist he retired in 1886, after making his name famous in Irish cycling circles, and entered the medical profession. He thrice went out to Africa as surgeon on board a steamer, and then secured, in 1889, a surgeonship in the Royal Navy. After serving on board the *Swallow* and the *Herald*, Dr. McKay volunteered to go with the *Pioneer* to Lake Nyassa. He was left for a few days' shooting on shore, and, it appears, was induced by the rumour that elephants were near at hand to search for them inland. Three boys accompanied him, and the story told by one of them is that they suddenly saw a lion and a lioness near a pool of water. Dr. McKay succeeded in wounding the lion, which made off to the jungle, followed by the young surgeon and one boy. The beast sprang at Dr. McKay, and so injured him, notwithstanding the bravery of the boys, who at last killed the lion, that he succumbed in a few days. Dr. McKay was buried with naval honours in the cemetery at Likoma.

THE COLLIERY DISASTER AT AUDLEY.

The shadow which rested over Diglake Colliery, North Staffordshire, since the fatal inrush of water on Jan. 14 has deepened. After heroic efforts, rescue work has been abandoned as hopeless. The workmen, who had been risking their lives, reached as far as the bottom of No. 2 dip on Jan. 19, and continued labouring for many hours on behalf of the entombed miners. Seventy-six men will, in human probability, be discovered dead as soon as the water subsides, making the disaster one of the greatest which has befallen British mining for many a year. The Queen, as usual, voiced in a few heartfelt words the nation's sorrow. The Home Secretary sent

to the Inspector of Mines at Bignell End the following telegram: "I am commanded by her Majesty to express her deep sorrow at the terrible calamity caused by the disaster at Audley Colliery, and at the same time to express her sympathy with the widows and orphans in their sad loss and her admiration of the gallant efforts made to rescue the entombed miners." Pumping was continued with marvellous persistence, men taking each other's places at intervals of half an hour, despite the fact that they had to stand up to their waists in water. Two ponies were rescued alive from No. 2 shaft on Jan. 18, the animals appearing none the worse for their imprisonment, though decidedly hungry. The disused workings from which the water broke cover an area of eighty acres, and the water must have been accumulating for the last forty years. Of the missing, thirty-seven are married, twenty are young men over sixteen, and six under sixteen years of age. A relief fund has been promptly opened, and donations have been already received from Messrs. Rothschild, the Earl of Dartmouth, and others. The North Staffordshire Permanent Relief Society, to which all the entombed men subscribed, has allotted sums for the immediate relief of the families affected.

The water entering the mine from the old workings is steadily subsiding, the reservoir in the abandoned Rookery Pit having fallen four feet in twenty-four hours. Some days must still elapse before the work of exploration can be resumed. The miners at Diglake have held a meeting. All further relief will be administered through the North Staffordshire Permanent Relief Fund.

The accident has brought once more before the public the dangers attending life "deep in unfathomable mines," and again proved the existence of a splendid courage, shining the more brilliantly from the darkness of death which has evoked it.

MR. IRVING AS KING ARTHUR.

Of Mr. Irving's many successes at the Lyceum, his impersonation of King Arthur in Mr. Comyns Carr's drama is in some ways the most significant. As a part, the King offers the actor few opportunities. Mr. Irving has but one scene which can be called dramatic, and that is when he hears the revelation of his wife's shame and Lancelot's perfidy. Here Mr. Irving gives one of those illuminating touches which make him so wonderful an artist. When the poisonous shaft of Mordred's malice goes home, the King utters an exclamation of pain with a gesture which, for an instant, seems to show the man's quivering soul; and then the habitual dignity and self-command wrap him once more in an armour less vulnerable than the mail in which he is clad. In this play Mr. Irving is dramatically little more than a figure of lonely majesty; and yet his personal authority has rarely been more decisively asserted. The average human sympathy in such a case might be expected to go out to Lancelot, and not to the husband he has injured; but Mr. Irving lays an imaginative spell upon his audience, and they see in his Arthur a most impressive embodiment of the regality of mind which shines through his Charles I. There have been tragedians who were in a rhetorical sense more effective than Mr. Irving; but few, if any, have equalled him in that art of impersonation which surrounds a character with the atmosphere of absolute illusion, so that we seem to behold Arthur or Charles or Becket or Hamlet in his veritable self.

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

The advance of the Japanese army, under General Nodzu, along the road north of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li towards Pekin, is delayed by the necessity of first capturing Niu-chwang and its seaport, at the mouth of the Liao-ho river, where a considerable Chinese force is still assembled. On Jan. 16 there was a battle at Hai-tcheng, twenty-five miles north-west of Niu-chwang on the road to Mukden in Manchuria. The Chinese, in two separate corps of 12,000 or 14,000 men each, with field artillery, marched from opposite directions on this road, to attack the Japanese detachment, numbering only about one-third of their total force, commanded by General Katsura. They were repulsed, however, after less than two hours' fighting, and fled both ways, losing nine hundred men. The Japanese loss is stated to have been not more than fifty. On the sea-coast west of Chefoo and Wei-hai-Wei, on the southern shore of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, the town of Teng-chow-fu was bombarded by the Japanese fleet on Jan. 19. Some Japanese troops have been landed at Yung-tcheng, thirty-five miles east of Wei-hai-Wei. The Chinese envoys to sue for peace were expected to sail from Tien-tsin on Saturday, Jan. 26, for Simonosaki, whence they would proceed by a Japanese steamer to Yokohama and Tokio, the capital of Japan. In the meantime, the speedy capture of Wei-hai-Wei is not improbable; but on the northern shore of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li the Japanese army is still two or three hundred miles distant from Pekin.



A WINTER SUNDAY IN THE ISLAND OF MARKEN, ZUIDER ZEE.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: BROADWAY, WORCESTERSHIRE.

PERSONAL.

The Prime Minister's visit to Cardiff was signalled chiefly by an elaborate justification of Welsh Disestablishment, and by an appeal to the Liberal party to avoid disunion. Lord Rosebery hinted that if his party should be defeated at the coming General Election, the defeat would probably be the most disastrous they had ever known. This warning does not seem to have had any effect on the Independent Labour leaders, who are amiably proposing to destroy the Liberal party altogether. On the other side there are signs of a closer alliance between the Conservative leaders and Mr. Chamberlain.

The Liberal and Broad Church party has sustained by the death of the Rev. Septimus Hansard a loss which it will scarcely repair. The late Rector of Bethnal Green was a man of strong personality as well as of wide sympathies, with a strong sense of his ability to succeed where others had abandoned what they regarded as a hopeless task. He came of a family of which several members

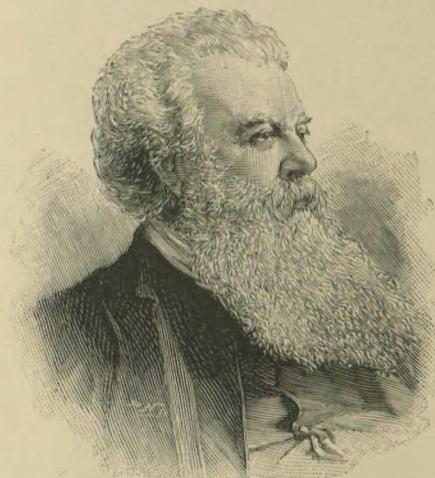


Photo by Pitt, Bethnal Green.

THE LATE REV. SEPTIMUS HANSARD.

were connected with Parliamentary reporting for nearly a century, and were the first who obtained official recognition for published debates. Mr. Septimus Hansard was educated at Rugby in its palmy days, under Dr. Arnold, and the relations then established between master and pupil were maintained to the close of the former's life.

On leaving Rugby, where he had been the companion of M. Waddington, afterwards French Ambassador, Mr. Hansard matriculated at University College, Oxford, where he had among his contemporaries the present Master (Dr. Bright), Thomas Arnold, and Professor Conington. Soon after taking his degree Mr. Hansard was ordained as Curate of Claybrook in Lincolnshire. He soon found that he needed a more active sphere, and in 1848 he came as Curate to St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, which was then one of the few footholds the Broad Church party had obtained in London.

In 1860 occurred the rioting in St. George's-in-the-East consequent upon the Rev. Bryan King's excess of zeal in the cause of Ritualism, and Mr. Hansard, at the express request of the Bishop of London (Dr. Tait), went to take up work in the disorderly district. For several Sundays in succession the church was the scene of noisy demonstrations, accompanied by threats against the incumbent. Mr. Hansard's courage and firmness on this occasion did as much to earn him the respect of the congregation as his subsequent conciliatory attitude. After about eighteen months' stay he left St. George's-in-the-East perfectly pacified, and went to recruit his health by taking the curacy of Eversley, of which his friend Charles Kingsley was then rector. In 1862 he was back again in the thick of London labour and the London poor, whom he loved with absolute sincerity, and to whom he devoted the remaining thirty-two years of his life, declining all offers of preferment which might force him away from Bethnal Green. His life there was not wholly peaceful; but the Rector never flinched from what he regarded as his duty, and though at times in conflict with his bishop, his parishioners, and his colleagues, he never forfeited their regard, and, as a rule, emerged from his disputes more respected by his opponents. He was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the Bethnal Green Museum, and took a prominent part in the movement which would open museums and similar places on Sunday; and while strongly pleading the cause of temperance, firmly opposed prohibitory legislation.

Perhaps Mr. Hansard gave no more convincing proof of his readiness to share the life of his parishioners than by sharing their diseases also. He used to say that there was probably no epidemic which had invaded the parish of which he had not also been the victim. The story of his discovering one day while visiting his poor that he had taken the smallpox is known to few. The doctor who was attending a patient whom Mr. Hansard came to visit in his round guessed from the latter's condition that something was amiss, and promptly recognised the premonitory symptoms of smallpox, and ordered Mr. Hansard to home or hospital at once. The Rector, however, sturdily declined to accept the use of either cab or carriage; but being unable to walk, he was finally conveyed to the rectory in a passing hearse. Mr. Hansard, who spent his holidays almost invariably in North Wales, was an accomplished sketcher in water-colours, and a well-known exhibitor at the Artists' and Amateurs' Society. It was while on a sketching tour with Mr. J. L. Roget and Mr. Doyne Bell that he fell in with Miss Greaves, the daughter of J. W. Greaves, of Berecote House, Warwickshire, and the niece of Mr. William Flower, "the Horses' Friend."

The father of M. Faure, the new President of the French Republic, was a manufacturer of arm-chairs in the Rue St. Antoine, and we are rather surprised that he is not described by his Socialist assailants as an hereditary arm-chair politician. But the pleasantries which has a meaning in English politics may have none in French. M. Faure is already reviled by the Parisian journalists, who flatter themselves that they put his predecessor to flight by sheer abuse. At present, their invention of derogatory phrases at the expense of the new President is

distinctly poor. What is the point of calling M. Faure "Le Congolais," merely because his son-in-law has an administrative post in the Congo State? The fact is that at present it is quite impossible to say anything definite about M. Faure. His individuality has still to emerge.

The French police appear to have really expected the Duc d'Orléans to make a descent on France when he contented himself with taking up a post of observation at the Lord Warden Hotel. He took the night express to Dover, wearing a grey felt hat and a long black coat with a velvet collar. At Amiens, about three o'clock the next morning, a gentleman, also wearing a grey felt hat and a black coat with a velvet collar, was roused from a comfortable nap by three officers, who requested him to alight from the train. He said he was English, and drew attention to his accent, but the officials shrugged their shoulders as if they were quite prepared for that. Eventually they were convinced by his papers that he was not the Duc d'Orléans, who, it seems, is believed in France to speak French with an English accent. The traveller who enjoyed the novelty of being mistaken for the Orléans Prince was Mr. Henry Snow, London manager of the International Sleeping Car Company.

The pastoral care of an undivided parish of 40,000 souls is obviously no sinecure, and it is, therefore, hardly to be wondered at that the Earl of Harrowby and his co-trustees have found some difficulty in selecting a suitable successor to the Suffragan Bishop of Coventry in his late parish of Aston (said to be the largest in the kingdom), but their final choice, as it is now announced, will command very general approval in ecclesiastical circles. The Rev. Francis Scott Webster, Rector of St. Thomas's, Birmingham, has seen his way to accept the living, and it is believed that he will settle down to work there very speedily. Mr. Webster, although only just thirty-five years of age, has had a remarkable and varied career. He was educated at the City of London School, where he gained an open mathematical scholarship at Pembroke College, Oxford, at the early age of sixteen, but he did not go into residence until a year later. At the University he did excellently well, taking a first-class in "Mods" and in the final. He graduated when he was only twenty-one, and a brilliant career at Oxford was open to him, but he resolved to devote himself to evangelistic work, and while waiting for his ordination he carried on a mission among the lodging-houses of Oxford, working under Canon Christopher. On his ordination, in 1882, he became attached to the Church Army, and was the first Principal of the Training Home. In 1889, however, he settled down to ordinary parochial life as Rector of St. Thomas's, Birmingham. Mr. Webster is the son of the Rev. W. Webster, joint editor of Webster and Wilkinson's Greek Testament, and is closely related to the ex-Attorney-General.

The illness of Sir William Harcourt's younger son, who is suffering from typhoid fever, cast a shadow over the Chancellor of the Exchequer's visit to Derby on Jan. 22. Mr. Robert Harcourt is sixteen years of age, and is Sir William's only son by his second marriage, with the daughter of the Hon. J. L. Motley, the American historian. His elder son, familiarly known to his many intimates as "Lulu," has also been unwell. He more than equals in height his distinguished father, to whom he acts as private secretary. The Prime Minister has felt very keenly the sudden death of his nephew, the Hon. George Wyndham, who was only twenty-six years of age. Mr. Asquith, also, has sustained a bereavement in the death of Lady Tennant, the mother of his wife, on Jan. 21.

For the first time Rubinstein's string quartet in F—an early work composed under obvious classical influences—was given at the Popular Concert on Jan. 21. The coda in the finale is the chief beauty in the quartet, which in all probability will not attain lasting fame. Lady Hallé and MM. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse, played admirably. The piano solo was Bach's "French Overture," rendered by Mdlle. Eibenschütz, so much to the satisfaction of the audience that an encore was given. Mr. Norman Salmond sang acceptably, especially "O ruddier than the cherry."

Before departing for his Indian Governorship, Lord Sandhurst was entertained at the Garrick Club by a representative gathering of authors and players, with whom he is extremely popular. Indeed, in a list of the statesmen whom England sends to her colonies and dependencies, the patrons of the drama would be found pleasantly conspicuous.

Mr. Cobb, British postmaster at Constantinople, has sprung into European fame. The Turkish police thought proper to seize the British mail, and maltreat Mr. Cobb's Armenian servant. It is believed that the outrage was prompted by a desire to discover correspondence relating to Armenian affairs. It is a great irritation to the Sublime Porte that the Powers do not entrust their mails in Turkey to the Sultan's officials. After the experience of Mr. Cobb there will not be very eager desire to expose the letters of foreign residents in the Sultan's dominions to the curiosity of the native censorship.

At the sale of Edmund Yates's collection of Dickens relics, Mr. Bancroft bought for a hundred guineas the writing-desk which Dickens used on the day of his death, and which Miss Hogarth gave to Mr. Yates. This is one of the most valuable mementoes of the great novelist, who has been rather severely handled, by the way, in a recent lecture of Mr. W. S. Lilly's. Dickens was never the literary man's classic, but there is no apparent decline in his popularity among the mass of readers. The Eton boy may not care for "Pickwick" now, but what does the Eton boy read?

Again the publisher is heard bewailing the hard fate which compels him to send copies of expensive books to the British Museum and other libraries. The Museum in this respect is a remorseless tax-gatherer, and the question arises whether the State, if it desires to collect books for the nation, ought not to pay for them as it pays for pictures. This argument might stir the public to a sense of the bitter wrongs of Paternoster Row if there were any general disposition to sympathise with publishers at

any time. But it is part of their burden to be treated by the world with an icy regard. If they have a grievance, nobody marks it. There is even a suspicion that for the books they have to give to the State they recoup themselves at the expense of the author. That is a baseless imputation, no doubt; but a cynical world accepts it.

M. Paderewski has acted very handsomely by promising the whole receipts of his recital at Hanley to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Audley Colliery disaster. This benefaction is most timely in more senses than one, for there was undoubtedly a certain soreness in the public mind over an unfortunate incident at Torquay, where the great pianist refused to play on the ground that the prices were too low. M. Paderewski appears to have regarded the scale of prices as derogatory to his prestige. Torquay may or may not be soothed by the Polish artist's generosity at Hanley, but this has unquestionably made a very favourable impression on the general public.

Spiritualists are very indignant at Mr. Frederick Greenwood's story of Home, the medium, known to readers of Browning as Sludge. Browning told Mr. Greenwood that he kicked Home out of his house for a very gross fraud. Mrs. Browning was at that time much distressed by the death of a child, and Home undertook to summon its spirit before her eyes. Browning found at the séance that the medium was exhibiting his own "obscene leg" as the supposed phantom, and he immediately rushed at the impostor, and helped him into the street. The admirers of Mr. Home reply that he could not have been guilty of such a trick, but as Browning's word was as unimpeachable as Mr. Greenwood's good faith, the weight of evidence is rather one-sided.

"The Taboo," a fantastic opera in two acts, the book by Mason Carnes, the music by Ethel Harraden, was produced on Saturday night at the Trafalgar Theatre with somewhat deplorable results. Miss Harraden is a lady known by the composition of a few interesting songs; but we fear that in the composition of an elaborate score, even with the assistance of Mr. Edward Solomon for part of the orchestration, her talent has as yet not acquired wings strong enough for flight. There are occasional songs, indeed, in this opera which show a sentiment for pretty tune; but that is all. The libretto, however, is beneath contempt. It is long, with a bulk of verbiage that implies an insufferable quantity of waste labour, though we regret to think of the smallness of the skill that went along the same road as the labour. Moreover, we should protest against this book in any case, and whatever its humour might have been, for the cruel and irritating attitude which this author assumes towards women. But as this is done without the smallest humour, we refrain from pursuing the subject. The sad death of Mr. Edward Solomon, which took place on Jan. 22, lends a mournful interest to the subject.

Mr. Joseph Cundall, who died on Jan. 10 at the age of seventy-seven, in his time rendered signal service to the cause of illustrative art. From the publishing house which he founded in Old Bond Street, Mr. Cundall issued "The Home Treasury," in sixteen volumes, illustrated by a list of artists which included Linnell, Redgrave, and Cope. This work was followed by various gift-books illustrated by Birket Foster, Harrison Weir, the Marchioness of Waterford, and other artists. Mr. Cundall also published the series of "Illustrated Handbooks of the Art History of All Ages and Countries," edited by E. J. Poynter, R.A., and Professor Roger Smith. His original work included "A History of Bookbinding," "A Brief History of Wood Engraving," and "The Life of Holbein." Mr. Cundall was also editor of Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co.'s "Illustrated Biographies of Great Artists," and of the illustrated catalogue of the Exhibition of 1862, by the appointment of her Majesty's Commissioners.

The racing world has lost one of the most successful jockeys by the death of Fred Barrett on Jan. 21. He was

only twenty-seven years old, a native of Metfield, a Suffolk village. Apprenticed to Manser, a well-known Newmarket trainer, he speedily showed his talent for riding, achieving twelve victories before he was fifteen. His list of successes includes the winning of the Ascot Stakes on

Althorp and Eurasian, the Royal Hunt Cup on Acrostic, the City and Suburban on Bird of Freedom, and the Manchester Cup on Borneo and Cotillon. Barrett won the Derby in 1888 on the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire, the French Derby in 1889 on Clover and in 1890 on Heaume. After being fourth in the list of winning jockeys for three years he took the proud position of heading it in 1888. He was twice married, and leaves one child. The cause of his death was declared to be Bright's disease, doubtless the result of unnatural reduction of weight, which takes place in the case of jockeys. He had latterly retired from the scenes of his triumphs, though two years ago he rode with all his old cleverness in Austria. Yachting was his chief amusement, and the liberality of the Duke of Portland, Sir R. Jardine, and the Rothschilds, who formerly retained his services, left him comparatively a wealthy man.

Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.
THE LATE FRED BARRETT.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, Isle of Wight, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, received on Friday, Jan. 18, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their three children, as visitors for several days. On Monday, Jan. 21, two men of H.M.S. *Alecto*—Joseph Perkins, stoker, and Robert Henry Couch, gunner's mate—were presented to the Queen, who decorated them for acts of bravery in fighting on the Benin river, West Coast of Africa.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by his nephew, Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, on Saturday evening, Jan. 19, left London for Sandringham, rejoining his daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales.

The Princess of Wales, taking leave of her sister, the widowed Empress of Russia, on Wednesday, Jan. 16, left St. Petersburg to visit her parents, the King and Queen of Denmark, and on Friday evening, the 18th, arrived at Copenhagen.

The Duke and Duchess of York are at York Cottage, Sandringham. They have been visited there by the Duke and Duchess of Teck, who on Tuesday, Jan. 22, returned to White Lodge, Richmond Park.

Princess Louise was prevented by a bad cold, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 16, from accompanying her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, to present the battalion prizes to the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, at their headquarters in St. James's Street, Victoria Street, Westminster. This ceremony was performed by Lady Grenfell, wife of Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell—the commanding officer, Colonel Balfour, presiding. It was announced that the London Scottish will in the Easter holidays be reviewed at Windsor, with the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards.

Cabinet Councils were held in Downing Street on Wednesday, Jan. 16, and on Monday, Jan. 21. The Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, has issued circular letters to the peers who support him; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Harcourt, to members of his party in the House of Commons, urging them to attend Parliament on Tuesday, Feb. 5, for the business of the Session.

The polling at the election for the Evesham division of Worcestershire, on Tuesday, Jan. 22, resulted as follows: Colonel Long, the Conservative candidate, 4760; Mr. F. Impey, the Ministerial Liberal candidate, 3585.

The series of party political demonstrations in provincial towns arranged to precede the opening of Parliament culminated on Friday, Jan. 18, in the appearance of Lord Rosebery at the Cardiff meeting of the National Liberal Federation. The Premier there addressed an audience of ten thousand persons in a vast hall erected for the occasion. He promised that Welsh Church Disestablishment should be first on the list of Government measures for the Session, while the Government would be prepared also to adopt Sir Charles Cameron's Bill for Disestablishment in Scotland if unable to bring in a Bill of their own. The Liberal party, in dealing with Welsh, Scotch, and Irish questions, should yet maintain their principle that the power to determine all such affairs ought to devolve upon bodies representative of those different parts of the kingdom; and the case of Ireland, in this respect, must stand first. But the supreme question of this time was that of the power of the House of Lords to reject these and other measures, such as that for the control of the liquor traffic, the easier registration of electors, and "one man, one vote," demanded by the Liberal party.

Sir William Harcourt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, arrived on Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, at Derby, on a visit to his constituents, and next day addressed a meeting of his political supporters. The Home Secretary, Mr. H. H. Asquith, made a speech at Hull, in which he deprecated forming an Independent Labour party.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, at Manchester, speaking to his constituents on Jan. 16, declared that the Liberal party following the present Ministry was utterly demoralised, and its ideal was almost wholly one of destruction. He spoke on following days, at the Chamber of Commerce, upon the import duties on cotton goods in India, and at a meeting in favour of granting support to voluntary schools.

The Duke of Devonshire, at Ulverston, on Jan. 18, condemned the Ministerial programme as consisting of subjects not within the range of practical politics at the present time, remarking also that Irish Home Rule had almost disappeared from view, and that the leaders of the Liberal party could only waste time in barren and useless discussions. The Unionists had a distinct policy of social

reforms to benefit the labouring classes and the poor and to improve the condition of our depressed industries—of agriculture especially, the greatest of all our industries.

The Duke of Argyll, while making a speech at Glasgow on Tuesday, Jan. 15, was seized with a fainting fit, which rendered him insensible for some minutes; he has since been under medical care at the residence of Lord Kelvin at the Glasgow University.

The Duke of Fife presided on Friday, Jan. 18, at the fourth annual meeting of the British South Africa Company, at the Cannon Street Hotel. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the

Lord Farrer and Mr. Benn opposed Mr. Fardell's motion which was negatived by fifty-six against nine votes.

The election of a new President of the French Republic by the National Assembly at Versailles, consisting of the members of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies and representatives of the Councils of provincial Departments, took place on Thursday, Jan. 17, M. Challemel-Lacour, as President of the Senate, presiding over the National Assembly. The candidates proposed to succeed M. Casimir-Perier were three—namely, M. Henri Brisson, President of the Chamber; M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and M. Felix Faure.

The Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, was not a candidate. In the first ballot M. Henri Brisson got 338 votes, M. Felix Faure got 244, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau got 184. As the majority obtained by M. Henri Brisson was not a sufficient proportion of the whole number of votes to make his election valid, there was a second ballot, at which M. Waldeck-Rousseau withdrew his candidature; and M. Felix Faure then receiving 430 votes while M. Henri Brisson now had 361, the election resulted in favour of M. Felix Faure, who was thereupon formally invested with his official dignity as Chief of the State. He is fifty-three years of age, in business at Havre as a hide merchant and shipper, and has held office as Under-Secretary of Commerce and the Colonies, and recently as Minister of Marine. The new President has taken up his abode at the Elysée Palace.

The Ministry of M. Dupuy having resigned, the task of forming a new Government was first entrusted to M. Bourgeois. He was, however, obliged to give up the attempt, on the following Monday afternoon, since four politicians, Messrs. Peytral, Godefroy Cavaignac, Poincaré, and Barthou, who had promised their co-operation, disagreed on the project of a graduated income tax. M. Bourgeois is trying again.

In the United States of America there are great scandals affecting the municipal administration of the city of New York, the report of the Lexow committee of inquiry upon the corruption of the city police, and the falsification, by Tammany Hall influence, of votes at municipal elections. A strike of all the tramcar and omnibus men in the adjacent city of Brooklyn has caused alarming riots; mobs assembled, on Monday, Jan. 21, to the number of 20,000 men, threatening acts of violence. The Governor of New York State ordered out the 1st Brigade of the National Guard, a force of 7000, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. They had to fire upon the rioters, who attacked a tramcar.

By a terrible gunpowder explosion at the railway warehouses at Butte, in Montana, on Jan. 15, nearly a hundred people were killed. On the Ohio river, near Alton, Indiana, a steamboat was sunk on Jan. 21, causing some loss of life.

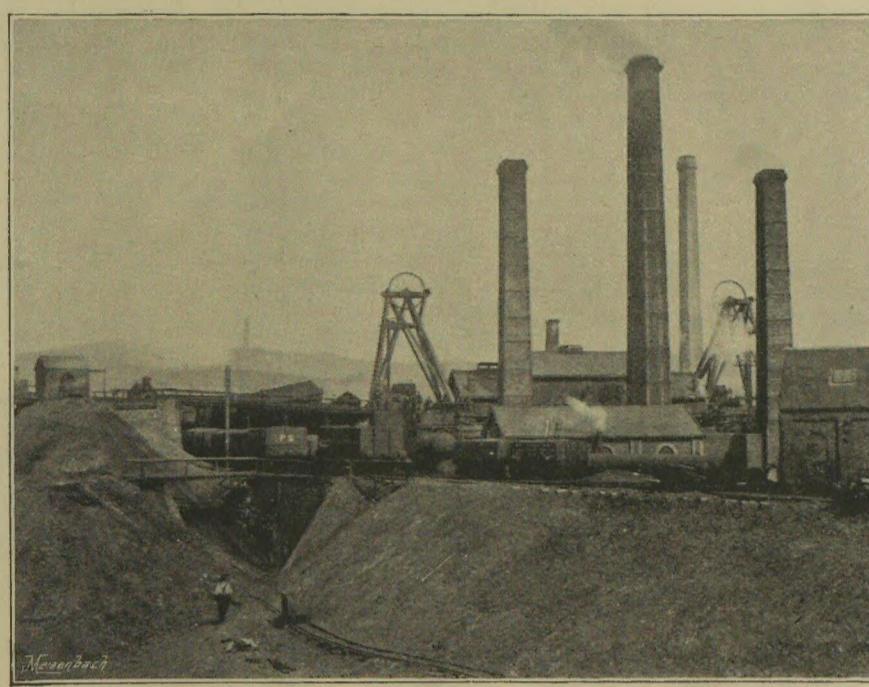
The Italian troops in East Africa, under General Baratieri, have defeated and broken up the hostile forces in Tigre, Northern Abyssinia, the leader of which, Ras Mangascia, has fled to Temben. The cities of Axum and Adowa, and the heads of the clergy, have sent deputations asking for peace.

The advance of Sir William Lockhart's military expedition into Waziristan, the mountain country to the west of Bannu and the Derayat, on the frontier between the Punjab and Afghanistan, has been attended with little fighting. On Monday, Jan. 21, many of the Waziri Maliks, or tribal chiefs, came to a peace conference at the British camp, and heard the terms imposed upon them by the Indian Government.

The distress caused by the bank failures and the stoppage of all trade and industry in Newfoundland appears to be subsiding, in consequence of the measures taken by the Colonial Government. A new Ministry is to be

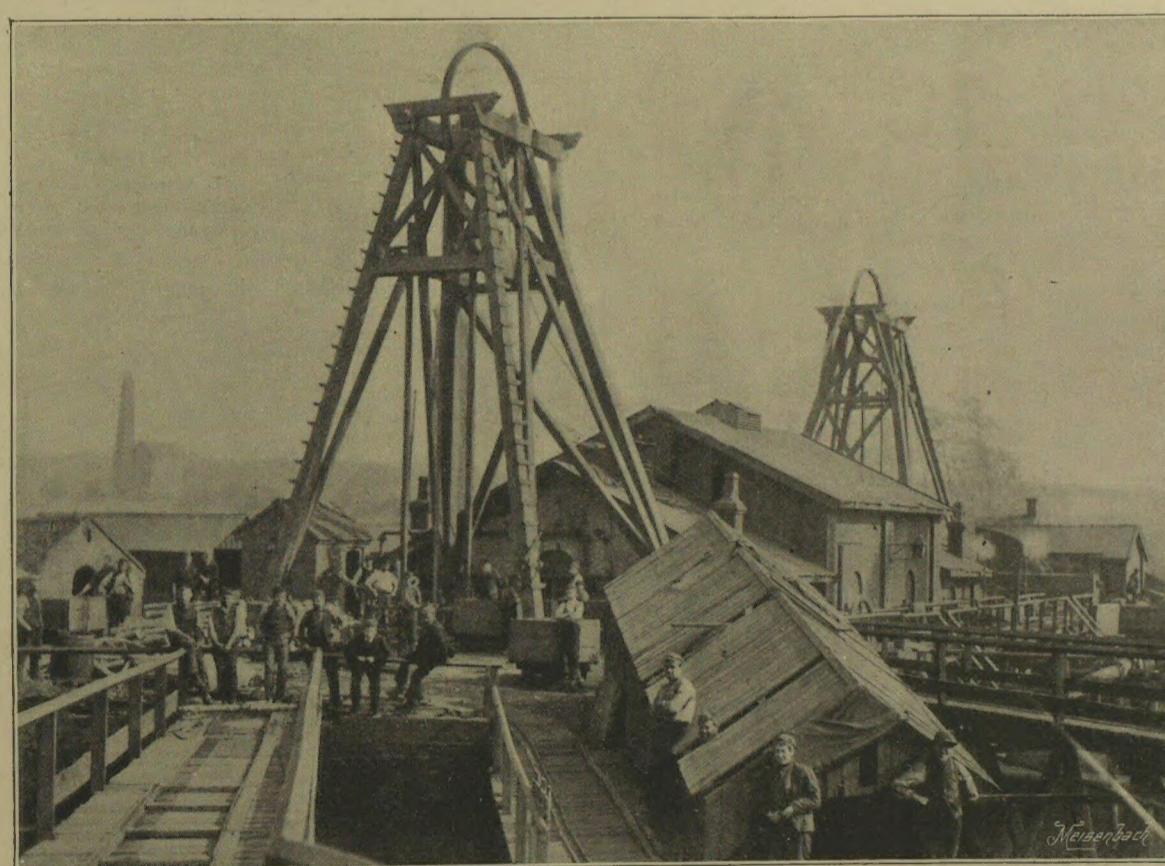
formed, and a Bill has been introduced to relieve Sir William Whiteway and other leaning politicians, whose assistance seems indispensable at this crisis, from the legal disabilities to which they recently became liable by their judicial conviction of some irregular practices at elections. It is thought not improbable that a project for joining Newfoundland with the mainland provinces of British America, as a member of the Canadian Federal Dominion, may be the beneficial result of the late disaster.

There was a severe shock of earthquake in the north of Persia on Jan. 17, extending from Meshed in a north-westerly direction, but the loss of life does not hitherto appear to have been great.



THE DISASTROUS FLOODING OF AUDLEY COLLIERY: THE PIT BANK.

See "Our Illustrations."



THE DISASTROUS FLOODING OF AUDLEY COLLIERY: ENTRANCE TO THE PIT.

to invite two representatives of the Government to a conference with the directors.

At the weekly meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday, Jan. 22, Mr. Fardell moved that Government be requested to bring in a Bill for transferring to some Government Department, or to the London police-court magistrates, those powers of granting music and dancing licenses which are now vested in the London County Council. He urged that such matters should not be adjudged by persons who held office by popular election, and observed that thirty-seven of the fifty-five County Councils in the country had preferred to delegate these powers to the Justices of the Peace, either separately or jointly with urban or sanitary authorities.



MR. HENRY IRVING AS KING ARTHUR.

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.



EVE'S RANSOM

BY
GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

When Sunday came, he sought the appointed spot at Hampstead, and there, after an hour's waiting, met the two friends. Eve was no longer in her vivacious mood; brilliant sunshine, and the breeze upon the heath, had no power to inspirit her; she spoke in monosyllables, and behaved with unaccountable reserve. Hilliard had no choice but to converse with Patty, who was as gay and entertaining as ever. In the course of their gossip he learnt that Miss Ringrose was employed at a music-shop, kept by her uncle, where she sold the latest songs and

dances, and "tried over" on a piano any unfamiliar piece which a customer might think of purchasing. It was not easy to understand how these two girls came to be so intimate, for they seemed to have very little in common. Compared with Eve Madeley, Patty was an insignificant little person; but of her moral uprightness Hilliard felt only the more assured the longer he talked with her, and this still had a favourable effect upon his estimate of Eve.

Again there passed a few days without event. But about nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, as he sat at

VII.

How did Eve Madeley contrive to lead this life of leisure and amusement? The question occupied Hilliard well on into the small hours; he could hit upon no explanation which had the least plausibility.

Was she engaged to be married to the man who met her at the Exhibition? Her behaviour in his company by no means supported such a surmise; yet there must be something more than ordinary acquaintance between the two.

Might not Patty Ringrose be able and willing to solve for him the riddle of Eve's existence? But he had no idea where Patty lived. He recalled her words in Gower Street: "You are going it, Eve!" and they stirred miserable doubts; yet something more than mere hope inclined him to believe that the girl's life was innocent. Her look, her talk reassured him; so did her friendship with such a person as the ingenuous Patty. On learning that he dwelt close by her she gave no sign of an uneasy conscience.

In any case, the contrast between her actual life and that suggested by Mrs. Brewer's talk about her was singular enough. It supplied him with a problem of which the interest would not easily be exhausted. But he must pursue the study with due regard to honour and delicacy; he would act the spy no more. As Eve had said, they were pretty sure to meet before long; if his patience failed it was always possible for him to write a letter.

Four days went by and he saw nothing of her. On the fifth, as he was walking homeward in the afternoon, he came face to face with Miss Madeley in Gower Street. She stopped at once, and offered a friendly hand.

"Will you let me walk a little way with you?" he asked.

"Certainly. I'm just going to change a book at Mudie's." She carried a little handbag. "I suppose you have been going about London a great deal? Don't the streets look beautiful at this time of the year?"

"Beautiful? I'm not sure that I see much beauty."

"Oh, don't you? I delight in London. I had dreamt of it all my life before I came here. I always said to myself I should some day live in London."

Her voice to-day had a vibrant quality which seemed to result from some agreeable emotion. Hilliard remarked a gleam in her eyes and a colour in her cheeks which gave her an appearance of better health than a few days ago.

"You never go into the country?" he said, feeling unable to join in her praise of London, though it was intelligible enough to him.

"I go now and then as far as Hampstead Heath," Eve answered with a smile. "If it's fine I shall be there next Sunday with Patty Ringrose."

Hilliard grasped the opportunity. Would she permit him to meet her and Miss Ringrose at Hampstead? Without shadow of constraint or affectation, Eve replied that such a meeting would give her pleasure: she mentioned place and time at which they might conveniently encounter.

He walked with her all the way to the library, and attended her back to Gower Place. The result of this conversation was merely to intensify the conflict of feelings which Eve had excited in him. Her friendliness gave him no genuine satisfaction; her animated mood, in spite of the charm to which he submitted, disturbed him with mistrust. Nothing she said sounded quite sincere, yet it was more difficult than ever to imagine that she played a part quite alien to her disposition.

No word had fallen from her which threw light upon her present circumstances, and he feared to ask any direct question. It had surprised him to learn that she subscribed to Mudie's. The book she brought away with her was a newly published novel, and in the few words they exchanged on the subject while standing at the library counter she seemed to him to exhibit a surprising acquaintance with the literature of the day. Of his own shortcomings in this respect he was but too sensible, and he began to feel himself an intellectual inferior, where every probability had prepared him for the reverse.

The next morning he went to Mudie's on his own account, and came away with volumes chosen from those which lay on the counter. He was tired of wandering about the town, and might as well pass his time in reading.



As he was walking homeward in the afternoon, he came face to face with Miss Madeley in Gower Street. She stopped at once, and offered a friendly hand.

home over a book, his landlady entered the room with a surprising announcement.

"There's a young lady wishes to see you, Sir. Miss Ringrose is the name."

Hilliard sprang up.

"Please ask her to come in."

The woman eyed him in a manner he was too excited to understand.

"She would like to speak to you at the door, Sir, if you wouldn't mind going out."

He hastened thither. The front door stood open, and a light from the passage shone on Patty's face. In the girl's look he saw at once that something was wrong.

"Oh, Mr. Hilliard—I didn't know your number—I've been to a lot of houses asking for you—"

"What is it?" he inquired, going out on to the door-step.

"I called to see Eve, and—I don't know what it meant, but she's gone away. The landlady says she left this morning with her luggage—went away for good. And it's so strange that she hasn't let me know anything, I can't understand it. I wanted to ask if you know—"

Hilliard stared at the house opposite.

"I? I know nothing whatever about it. Come in and tell me—"

"If you wouldn't mind coming out—"

"Yes, yes. One moment; I'll get my hat."

He rejoined the girl, and they turned in the direction of Euston Square, where people were few.

"I couldn't help coming to see you, Mr. Hilliard," said Patty, whose manner indicated the gravest concern. "It has put me in such a fright. I haven't seen her since Sunday. I came to-night, as soon as I could get away from the shop, because I didn't feel easy in my mind about her."

"Why did you feel anxious? What has been going on?"

He searched her face. Patty turned away, kept silence for a moment, and at length, with one of her wonted outbursts of confidence, said nervously:

"It's something I can't explain. But as you were a friend of hers—"

A man came by, and Patty broke off.

VIII.

Hilliard waited for her to continue, but Patty kept her eyes down and said no more.

"Did you think," he asked, "that I was likely to be in Miss Madeley's confidence?"

"You've known her a long time, haven't you?"

This proof of reticence, or perhaps of deliberate misleading, on Eve's part astonished Hilliard. He replied evasively that he had very little acquaintance with Miss Madeley's affairs, and added:

"May she not simply have changed her lodgings?"

"Why should she go so suddenly, and without letting me know?"

"What had the landlady to say?"

"She heard her tell the cab to drive to Mudie's—the library, you know."

"Why," said Hilliard; "that meant, perhaps, that she wanted to return a book before leaving London. Is there any chance that she has gone home—to Dudley? Perhaps her father is ill, and she was sent for."

Patty admitted this possibility, but with every sign of doubt.

"The landlady said she had a letter this morning."

"Did she? Then it may have been from Dudley. But you know her so much better than I do. Of course, you mustn't tell me anything you don't feel it right to speak of; still, did it occur to you that I could be of any use?"

"No, I didn't think; I only came because I was so upset when I found her gone. I knew you lived in Gower Place somewhere, and I thought you might have seen her since Sunday."

"I have not. But surely you will hear from her very soon. You may even get a letter to-night, or to-morrow morning."

Patty gave a little spring of hopefulness.

"Yes; a letter might come by the last post to-night. I'll go home at once."

"And I will come with you," said Hilliard. "Then you can tell me whether you have any news."

They turned and walked towards the foot of Hampstead Road, whence they could go by tram-car to Patty's abode in High Street, Camden Town. Supported by the hope of finding a letter when she arrived, Miss Ringrose grew more like herself.

"You must have wondered whatever I meant by calling to see you, Mr. Hilliard. I went to five or six houses before I hit on the right one. I do wish now that I'd waited a little, but I'm always doing things in that way and being sorry for them directly after. Eve is my best friend, you know, and that makes me so anxious about her."

"How long have you known her?"

"Oh, ever so long—about a year."

The temptation to make another inquiry was too strong for Hilliard.

"Where has she been employed of late?"

Patty looked up at him with surprise.

"Oh, don't you know? She isn't doing anything now. The people where she was went bankrupt, and she's been out of a place for more than a month."

"Can't find another engagement?"

"She hasn't tried yet. She's taking a holiday. It isn't very nice work, adding up money all day. I'm sure it would drive me out of my senses very soon. I think she might find something better than that."

Miss Ringrose continued to talk of her friend all the way to Camden Town, but the information he gathered did not serve to advance Hilliard in his understanding of Eve's character. That she was keeping back something of grave import the girl had already confessed, and in her chatter she frequently checked herself on the verge of an indiscretion. Hilliard took for granted that the mystery had to do with the man he had seen at Earl's Court. If Eve actually disappeared, he would not scruple to extract from Patty all that she knew; but he must see first whether Eve would communicate with her friend.

In High Street Patty entered a small shop which was on the point of being closed for the night.

Hilliard waited for her a few yards away; on her return he saw at once that she was disappointed.

"There's nothing!"

"It may come in the morning. I should like to know whether you hear or not."

"Would this be out of your way?" asked Patty. "I'm generally alone in the shop from half-past one to half-past two. There's very seldom any business going on then."

"Then I will come to-morrow at that time."

"Do, please! If I haven't heard anything I shall be that nervous."

men who take life with easy courage. As he gazed through the glass door into the street, a figure suddenly blocked his prospect, and a face looked in. Then the door opened, and there entered a young man of clerical appearance, who glanced from Miss Ringrose to her companion with an air of severity. Patty had reddened a little.

"What are you doing here at this time of day?" she asked familiarly.

"Oh—business—had to look up a man over here. Thought I'd speak a word as I passed."

Hilliard drew aside.

"Who has opened this new shop opposite?" added the young man, beckoning from the doorway.

A more transparent pretext for drawing Patty away could not have been conceived; but she readily lent herself to it, and followed. The door closed behind them. In a few minutes Patty returned alone, with rosy cheeks and mutinous lips.

"I'm very sorry to have been in the way," said Hilliard, smiling.

"Oh, not you. It's all right. Someone I know. He can be sensible enough when he likes, but sometimes he's such a silly there's no putting up with him. Have you heard the new waltz—the Ballroom Queen?"

She sat down and rattled over this exhilarating masterpiece.

"Thank you," said Hilliard. "You play very cleverly."

"Oh, so can anybody—that's nothing."

"Does Miss Madeley play at all?"

"No. She's always saying she wishes she could; but I tell her, what does it matter? She knows no end of things that I don't, and I'd a good deal rather have that."

"She reads a good deal, I suppose?"

"Oh, I should think she does, just! And she can speak French."

"Indeed? How did she learn?"

"At the place where she was book-keeper there was a young lady from Paris, and they shared lodgings, and Eve learnt it from her. Then her friend went to Paris again, and Eve wanted very much to go with her, but she didn't see how to manage it. Eve," she added, with a laugh, "is always wanting to do something that's impossible."

A week later, Hilliard again called at the music-shop, and talked for half an hour with Miss Ringrose, who had no fresh news from Eve. His visits were repeated at intervals of a few days, and at length, towards the end of June, he learnt that Miss Madeley was about to return to London; she had obtained a new engagement, at the establishment in Holborn of which Patty had spoken.

"And will she come back to her old lodgings?" he inquired.

Patty shook her head.

"She'll stay with me. I wanted her to come here before, but she didn't care about it. Now she's altered her mind, and I'm very glad."

Hilliard hesitated in putting the next question.

"Do you still feel anxious about her?"

The girl met his eyes for an instant.

"No. It's all right now."

"There's one thing I should like you to tell me—if you can."

"About Miss Madeley?"

"I don't think there can be any harm in your saying yes or no. Is she engaged to be married?"

Patty replied with a certain eagerness.

"No! Indeed she isn't. And she never has been."

"Thank you." Hilliard gave a sigh of relief. "I'm very glad to know that."

"Of course you are," Patty answered, with a laugh.

As usual, after one of her frank remarks, she turned away and struck chords on the piano. Hilliard meditated the while, until his companion spoke again.

"You'll see her before long, I dare say?"

"Perhaps. I don't know."

"At all events, you'll want to see her."

"Most likely."

"Will you promise me something?"

"If it's in my power to keep the promise."

"It's only—I should be so glad if you wouldn't mention anything about my coming to see you that night in Gower Place."

"I won't speak of it."

"Quite sure?"

"You may depend upon me. Would you rather she didn't know that I have seen you at all?"

"Oh, there's no harm in that. I should be sure to let it out. I shall say we met by chance somewhere."

"Very well—I feel tempted to ask a promise in return."

Patty stood with her hands behind her, eyes wide and lips slightly apart.

"It is this," he continued, lowering his voice. "If ever you should begin to feel anxious again about her will you let me know?"

Her reply was delayed; it came at length in the form of an embarrassed nod. Thereupon Hilliard pressed her hand and departed.

He knew the day on which Eve would arrive in London; from morning to night a feverish unrest drove him about the streets. On the morrow he was scarcely more at ease, and for several days he lived totally without occupation, save in his harassing thoughts. He paced



"It's all right! I had a letter this morning. She has gone to Dudley."

They talked to no purpose for a few minutes, and bade each other good-night.

Next day, at the hour Patty had appointed, Hilliard was again in High Street. As he approached the shop he heard from within the jingle of a piano. A survey through the closed glass door showed him Miss Ringrose playing for her own amusement. He entered, and Patty jumped up with a smile of welcome.

"It's all right! I had a letter this morning. She has gone to Dudley."

"Ah! I am glad to hear it. Any reason given?"

"Nothing particular," answered the girl, striking a note on the piano with her forefinger. "She thought she might as well go home for a week or two before taking another place. She has heard of something in Holborn."

"So your alarm was groundless."

"Oh—I didn't really feel alarmed, Mr. Hilliard. You mustn't think that. I often do silly things."

Patty's look and tone were far from reassuring. Evidently she had been relieved from her suspense, but no less plainly did she seek to avoid an explanation of it. Hilliard began to glance about the shop.

"My uncle," resumed Patty, turning with her wonted sprightliness to another subject, "always goes out for an hour or two in the middle of the day to play billiards. I can tell by his face when he comes back whether he's lost or won; he does so take it to heart, silly man! Do you play billiards?"

The other shook his head.

"I thought not. You have a serious look."

Hilliard did not relish this compliment. He imagined he had cast away his gloom; he desired to look like the

and repaced the length of Holborn, wondering where it was that Eve had found employment; but from Camden Town he held aloof.

One morning there arrived for him a post-card on which was scribbled: "We are going to the Savoy on Saturday night. Gallery." No signature, no address; but of course the writer must be Patty Ringrose. Mentally, he thanked her with much fervour. And on the stated evening, nearly an hour before the opening of the doors, he climbed the stone steps leading to the gallery entrance of the Savoy Theatre. At the summit two or three persons were already waiting—strangers to him. He leaned against the wall, and read an evening paper. At every sound of approaching feet his eyes watched with covert eagerness. Presently he heard a laugh, echoing from below, and recognised Patty's voice; then Miss Ringrose appeared round the winding in the staircase, and was followed by Eve Madeley. Patty glanced up, and smiled consciously as she discovered the face she had expected to see; but Eve remained for some minutes unaware of her acquaintance's proximity. Scrutinising her appearance, as he could at his ease, Hilliard thought she looked far from well: she had a tired, dispirited expression, and paid no heed to the people about her. Her dress was much plainer than that she wore a month ago.

He saw Patty whispering to her companion, and, as a result, Eve's eyes turned in his direction. He met her look, and had no difficulty in making his way down two or three steps, to join her. The reception she gave him was one of civil indifference. Hilliard made no remark on what seemed the chance of their encounter, nor did he speak of her absence from London; they talked, as far as talk was possible under the circumstances, of theatrical and kindred subjects. He could not perceive that the girl was either glad or sorry to have met him again; but by degrees her mood brightened a little, and she exclaimed with pleasure when the opening of the door caused an upward movement.

"You have been away," he said, when they were in their places, he at one side of Eve, Patty on the other.

"Yes. At Dudley."

"Did you see Mrs. Brewer?"

"Several times. She hasn't got another lodger yet, and wishes you would go back again. A most excellent character she gave you."

This sounded satirical.

"I deserved the best she could say of me," Hilliard answered.

Eve glanced at him, smiled doubtfully, and turned to talk with Patty Ringrose. Through the evening there was no further mention of Dudley. Eve could with difficulty be induced to converse at all, and when the entertainment was over she pointedly took leave of him within the theatre. But while shaking hands with Patty, he saw something in that young lady's face which caused him to nod and smile.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

I understand that Archdeacon Sinclair and other Evangelicals earnestly desire that Archdeacon Farrar should be appointed Bishop of Hereford. They have approached some leading Nonconformist ministers on the subject with a view of preparing a memorial to Lord Rosebery.

The interesting sketches of the Oxford Movement published in the *Newbery House Magazine*, to which I have referred more than once, are about to be republished in book form.

The living of Sheffield is in the gift of the Simeon Trustees. Archdeacon Blakeney is admitted by the High Church press to have been one of the very best of the Low Church party. He was a lover of peace and strongly disliked litigation. He was always the friend of those who were in distress, men differing from him in every possible way having received practical proof of his generosity.

The Bishop of Winchester has been threatened by a candidate for ordination whom he declined with an action for damages. The Bishop says that he sleeps in peace. He is impressed by "the singular and melancholy incompetency of some who from time to time present themselves. . . . Sometimes it is pleaded that parents will be disappointed, or that the excellent youth, who can barely write or spell, will make a pious clergyman. It may be so, but it must not be at the expense of the Winchester diocese."

The new Bishop of Bath and Wells says that he is not an out-and-out Tory. He sees no reason why he should clothe himself in the blue of Toryism because he is a strong Churchman. The Bishop is understood to be a Liberal Unionist.

The Rev. Dr. Browne, Rector of Thurning, Northamptonshire, has resigned his living owing to the agricultural depression, the income being insufficient to meet the charges on the land. It is surprising that so few clergymen have been compelled to resign.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has expressed his grave anxiety as to the action of the Archbishop of Dublin in the consecration of Señor Cabrera. He does not at present see what steps can be taken to mitigate the injurious effects arising from the irregular and unauthorised proceedings, but he will heartily co-operate in any action that may be devised for the satisfaction of the Church under the exceptional circumstances.

The Church Army is now spending over £50,000 a year, and is opening coffee-taverns. It has been found from experience that a village coffee-tavern, properly managed, is more attractive than the village "pub," and is at the same time self-supporting.

The letters of Dr. Bickersteth, the Bishop of the Church of England in Japan, which have lately found their way into the Press, show a warm sympathy with the Japanese in the present war; while those of Dr. Corfe, Bishop in Corea, are equally energetic on the other side. The missionaries of all denominations in China are strongly pro-Chinese in the present struggle.

V.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition of pictures now open at the Grafton Galleries under the title of "Scotland," might with greater accuracy have been described as one of the works of Sir Henry Raeburn and of his predecessor, his contemporary, his successor. All of these were essentially portrait-painters, never allowing themselves to stray into the by-paths of art. George Jameson, who lived as far back as the sixteenth century, was in a great measure the founder of the Scottish school of painting, but whence he drew his inspiration is a matter of controversy. It is sufficient to point to such works as the portraits of George, second Marquess of Huntly, the Marquess of Argyll, and Bishop Forbes, to recognise the vigour and the originality of the artist to whom with very little reason the title of the "Scottish Vandyck" has been applied. Allan Ramsay and Gavin Hamilton, who came a hundred years later, sustained, although they did not advance, the school of Scotch portrait-painting. It was Raeburn who, profiting by the example of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and feeling the influences which were then calling the English school into existence, infused into Scotch art by his individual genius qualities which it had not previously presented. It is the merit of this exhibition that it enables us to follow the development of Raeburn's powers and to obtain some adequate notion of his infinite variety. Whether in painting men of action, men of thought, or women of fashion, he never seemed to be working up to a preconceived ideal, as was the case with many English painters of the time, but he trusted to his own powers to bring out truthfully the claims of his sitters to public notice. Pictures so absolutely dissimilar in conception and

we are assured on the authority of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., that "many artists now well established in public estimation have studied there." It is difficult to understand whether Mr. Poynter in his letter to the *Times* is writing in his private character, or as a Royal Academician, or as Director of the National Gallery, but in any case it would have been interesting to know by whom this institution was founded in 1823, by whom it has been since supported, and what are the relations towards it of her Majesty's Ambassador. So far as the votes of Parliament are concerned, there is nothing to show that it is in any way connected with the National Gallery or sustained by public funds. The semi-official history of the Royal Academy is equally silent on the matter, and although in the year given—1823—the National Gallery, the Society of British Artists, the Royal Hibernian and the Royal Scottish Academies, were all founded—not passing allusion is made to the British Academy at Rome, in which the then President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, might reasonably be expected to have taken an interest. Mr. Poynter has told us too much or too little. If he had said nothing, two or three more generations would have passed away in as happy ignorance of the school in Via Margutta as preceding generations have been of the one "in the noisiest and most crowded thoroughfares of Rome." Happily, Mr. Poynter's comes too late to discredit M. O. Fidèle's report to the French Minister of Public Instruction: "Sur les rapports de l'art et de l'état en Angleterre," in which this country is congratulated on possessing nothing at Rome which resembles the French Art School at the Villa Medicis! But if the French Commissioner applied to the Royal Academy for information, it was scarcely right to keep him in ignorance of the school in the Via Margutta, supposing its existence to have been known to any member of that body other than Mr. Poynter.

The current number of the *Century Magazine* contains a picture of "Bonaparte pawning his Watch," by Mr. Eric Pape, who represents a school of art in black and white which is becoming very popular on the other side of the Atlantic. The method employed is intended to meet the acknowledged shortcomings of all process work. A half-tone plate is worked over by the wood-engraver, and where the mechanical process has failed to reproduce the effect of the original, the engraver either supplements or replaces the defects. The method is all the more interesting as it restores to wood-engravers an importance which they have been in danger of losing, and does something, at least, to keep alive an art which was distinctly in decline. Mr. Timothy Cole, who occupies the first place among American wood-engravers, has done much to arouse an interest in the art by his masterly reproductions of pictures by the Old Masters, and the thanks of the public are due to the proprietors of the *Century* for making these masterpieces known. The cost of first-class wood-engraving compared to mechanical reproduction is very great, but the engraved "half-tone" which Mr. Eric Pape practises represents a happy medium of cost, and certainly gives a higher artistic finish to the work.

The *Portfolio* series of monographs instituted and edited by the late Mr. P. G. Hamerton shows no sign of waning taste or ability under Mr. Seeley's sole management. The first year's series concluded with an interesting discussion on Italian Book Illustrations by Mr. Alfred W. Pollard, a recognised authority on this very obscure subject. Mr. Pollard inclines very strongly to the view that wood-engravings as book illustrations were indigenous to Italy. The volume, in which he supports his theory with no little ingenuity, is profusely illustrated with specimens of this early work, but we are forced to confess that they bring no conviction to our mind. Down to the middle of the fifteenth century, and in some places even later, the spirit as well as the method observable in these book illustrations seems to us distinctly German. We should attach but secondary importance to the long array of the names of book illustrators, of which the source is obviously north of the Alps, for what is even more noteworthy, it is not until after this date that we find book illustrations carried on elsewhere than in the distinctly sub-Alpine cities of Italy. In the last decade of the fifteenth century there was certainly a number of wood-engravers working at Florence, who were Tuscan by birth and origin as well as in art; but their work stands out in strong relief against the apparently imitated or imported plates with which the books issuing from the Venetian and Milanese presses had up to that time been illustrated. Mr. Pollard, however, thinks differently; and as his researches have led him to a conclusion in favour of Italian-bred wood-engraving we can only say that his discreetly argued and beautifully got-up monograph would tempt most people to admit the strength of his advocacy.

The first monograph of the new series is on Raphael's Early Work, by Mrs. H. Adey, better known in the literary world as Miss Julia Cartwright. It is a subject which lends itself to a study of this nature, and the liberality of the publishers (Messrs. Seeley and Co.) have permitted the author to illustrate the main point of her thesis—the receptiveness of Raphael's art. Mrs. Adey deals with only the first ten years of the great painter's active life, but in this period he had painted the "Vision of a Knight," now in our National Gallery, "The Crucifixion" which was last year at Burlington House, and the "Sposalizio," now at the Brera. It includes also the Conestabile Madonna, the Casa Tempì, the Gran Duca, the Del Prato, and the Del Cardellino Madonnas, besides the "Belle Jardinière" of the Louvre, and the "Ansiedi" of our own collection. In other words, it embraces the influence of Timoteo Viti, his first master, of Perugino, of Pinturicchio, and of the Florentine school, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Piero di Cosimo, Leonardo, all of whom were living at the Court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and throwing over the impressionable artist who was drawn to that centre the glamour of their art and genius. Mrs. Adey, although a devout follower of Morelli in her art judgments, has her own views, and what is not less estimable, marshals them and the facts to which they relate in excellent order, and thereby gives point as well as lucidity to her valuable study of Raphael's early works.



PRESENTATION TO SIR JOHN PENDER, G.C.M.G.

This finely executed model in silver of a Highland piper was a few days since presented to Sir John Pender, by the following gentlemen, whose names were enamelled on the silver plate, with the inscription: "In remembrance of a pleasant voyage to the Crimea, 1894." The model was manufactured by Messrs. Streeter and Co., art silversmiths, of New Bond Street, and the names of the gentlemen were his Excellency Mr. Bayard, the Earl of Portsmouth, Viscount Wolseley, Lord Kelvin, Sir John Mowbray, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Sir John Ardagh.

treatment as Mr. Wardrop of Torban Hill, and Nathaniel Spens, John Tait, and the Duke of Gordon among men; Mrs. Vere of Stonebyres, and Mrs. Hope, Mrs. Gregory, and Lady Dalrymple among ladies; and William Sinclair and the Ferguson boys among children, by reason of their directness, simplicity, and inward grace, force themselves upon the attention, and reveal the breadth as well as the versatility of Raeburn's genius. His most worthy successor was Sir John Watson-Gordon, who also is fairly represented in the present exhibition, and makes up the history of the great Scottish portrait-painters. There are many other names, to some of whom interesting portraits are ascribed, but their interest is derived chiefly from the originals whom they recall. Landscape art is represented by the works of the Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingston, who lived in the earlier half of the present century. His work was mostly inspired by the classicists, of whom Richard Wilson was the most conspicuous opponent; but in many cases Mr. Thomson attempts more romantic scenery and more stormy skies than his guide would have sanctioned. We look, however, in vain for the work of the Nasmyths, the Wilsons, the Williams, and others who have left their mark behind. There is also an interesting collection of old Scottish silver—chiefly of utilitarian nature—and some old weapons of offence and defence; but, in point of fact, all these things are subsidiary to Raeburn, who dominates every part of the galleries.

It seems, after all, and without anyone knowing it, that we have had our "Villa Medicis" in Rome for the last seventy years and more. What is even more surprising,

MR. GLADSTONE'S VISIT TO CANNES.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are experiencing the same advantages to their health during their stay at Cannes as was the case on their previous visit. The right hon. gentleman remarked the other day on the fact that when suffering from insomnia—a rare ailment with him—some years ago, he obtained sound sleep on the first night of his arrival in Cannes. Mr. Gladstone came up to London from Hawarden on Jan. 7, spent one night at Carlton House Terrace, where many of his friends called to see him, and departed for the South of France the next morning. After crossing the Channel a severe snowstorm delayed the passengers on their long railway journey, and the train was six hours late in reaching Cannes. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone bore the fatigue well, and are expected to stay one month at the Château Thorenc, the charming residence of Lord Rendel. The weather has not, up to the present, permitted the veteran statesman to take quite as much exercise as he usually obtains at Hawarden, where two days before his departure he engaged in his old pastime of felling trees. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gladstone—the latter is, it will be recalled, the second daughter of Lord Rendel—are devoting themselves to the comfort and enjoyment of their distinguished parents. All correspondence, save the most important, is being spared Mr. Gladstone, who is spending his time, when indoors, in reading a large number of new books and in passing for the press a book which will soon be published. His eyesight is so far restored that he can indulge his love of reading for several hours a day.

A quarter of a century ago Cannes had none of its present fame. It was but a little village of fishermen with a few villas for occasional visitors. Since then it has become the resort of people of the highest rank, who find in its fine scenery and pleasant air a welcome change from the cold and fog of the metropolis. One of the most picturesque spots in the neighbourhood is the hillock of St. Cassien, but there are many delightful excursions, short as well as long, from the town. The *patois* of the place greatly interests Mr. Gladstone, as there are many Arabic words in general use.

The Villa Eléanore is always pointed out to visitors as the old home of the late Lord Brougham, who built it sixty years ago. He was one of the earliest to discover the charms of this portion of France, and his is one of the graves in the pretty cemetery. The villa was named after his daughter. Another house has a mournful importance, the Villa Nevada, where H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, died on March 28, 1894. The Queen has visited Cannes to see the last home of her beloved son. Just recently the Duke of Cambridge has been one of the inhabitants of Cannes, which is rapidly filling with visitors for the spring. A brief railway ride of twenty minutes from Cannes leads to Grasse, which was a little republic in the twelfth century, but is now famous simply for its perfumes, which are certainly very choice. The lavender is a beautiful sight when in full flower.



IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CHÂTEAU THORENC, CANNES.



LORD RENDEL'S CHÂTEAU THORENC, AT CANNES, WHERE MR. GLADSTONE IS STAYING.

CONCERNING CUCKOOS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Poscimur! Mr. Andrew Lang "wants to know, you know" all about cuckoos.

Now, this is rather rough of my friend Mr. Lang, because he begins by explaining that he has sought in vain for the information he desires in Darwin, Romanes, and Newton. But if these great ones failed to satisfy him, what chance remains for a mere dilettante open-air naturalist? He has Moses and the prophets to tell him all about cuckoos; if he hear them not, would he hear though one rose from the dead to convince him?

However, in the first place, as to the matter of fact, I can assure Mr. Lang that the American cuckoo, like the English, is migratory. Indeed, it is almost necessarily so, as it feeds on worms and soft grubs or insects, which could not be procured in New England and Canada in sufficient numbers during the hard frost-bound winter. As to the Australian species, I have no definite information, and must refer Mr. Lang to the specialist authorities. But, to say the truth, these questions of fact form but a small part of Mr. Lang's inquiry, the more important portion of which is directed to questions of principle. And here I venture to think Mr. Lang, though an evolutionist in his own field of human development, has contracted a certain antecedent prejudice to the theory of

prevent him. Again, on the other hand, it is possible that the American cuckoo, as Mr. Burroughs acutely suggests, may actually have passed through the stage of the European bird, and may now for some reason find it better to abandon the parasitic habit; for the American species now makes a very rudimentary nest, is irregular in its laying, has maternal instincts but ill developed, and occasionally deposits its eggs in the nests of other birds. These traits may either be the beginning of a habit like that of the European cuckoo, or may be final traces of evil conduct of old on the part of a repentant cœcumine Mrs. Tanqueray. The American bird may be equally well a cuckoo with a past or a cuckoo with a future.

The advantages of the existing developed system to our own cuckoos, on the other hand, are obvious and undeniable. But it is not easy to disentangle cause and effect in this intricate problem. We must take nothing for granted. We cannot say which came first, the instinct of fosterage, or the smallness of the egg, or the early migration. The English cuckoo now lays an egg three times too small for it. This is usually explained by supposing that the size has been accommodated to the average run of the eggs in the nests on which the unnatural parent foists it. But perhaps the causation may be the other way on: the European cuckoo, having a small egg, may have found it easier to foist it on an unsuspecting foster-parent. As the adult cuckoo is so big, the nestling must necessarily be very

and, so to speak, licentious habits of the female birds, which do not appear to form permanent or monogamic unions. Indeed, in the cuckoo we get apparently an instance of a strange race which has made license and the abandonment of its young pay for the species, only because it has induced better parents to take up for it the task of nursing its offspring. Mr. Lang asks, in effect, if the system pays here, why does it not equally pay in the American species? I answer with another question: If it pays to be a Lord Chancellor, or a Whiteley, or a Tennyson, why are we not all on the woolsack, or in Westbourne Grove, or wreathed with laurel? Here one thing succeeds; there another. The openings are not infinite. How do we know that the Molothrus had not possession of the field (and the available nests) in temperate America before the cuckoo arrived? How do we know that there was room for more than one such parasite in the continent? How do we know that American small birds are suitable foster-nurses for baby cuckoos?

I fear Mr. Lang will say I answer none of his difficulties. Well, nature is very vast. Here and there one sees, or fancies one sees, the solution of some problem, and one ventures to state it. But the unsolved problems, perhaps even the insoluble, are always the most numerous. All I maintain is this: in biology we have never a right to expect that because something happens here under certain conditions fairly well known to us, something similar must



ANTANANARIVO, THE CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

Natural Selection which induces him to make mountains out of molehills in the way of accepting Darwinian explanations of things. He seems to complain that it isn't fair of the European cuckoo to have acquired the habit of dropping its eggs in another bird's nest, while the American cuckoo fails to do so regularly. He appears to imply that because one bird in one country happens to develop a particular habit, another bird, similarly situated in another country, ought also, by parity of reasoning, to have developed it.

Now this, I hold, is to misinterpret the very essence of Natural Selection, which acts upon accidental or spontaneous variations of form or habit. It may well occur that a particular species here happens to hit upon some slight variation which proves useful to it, while a kindred species there does not happen to hit upon it. Or again it may occur that a particular little point in the environment makes a certain habit answer here which may not answer thereto to the same degree. Because a certain instinct or structure might benefit a race, it does not follow the race must develop it. In order to pronounce with certainty upon the cases, we should have to know absolutely all about them. For instance, the European cuckoo may have taken early to laying its small egg in other birds' nests, while the American cuckoo may only just have hit upon the idea of laying its larger egg there as a very good notion. So, to take a parallel instance, European man had arrived at the Iron Age while American man was still content to slay his neighbour with the old stone hatchet. Yet on Lake Superior, American man was just beginning to hammer out hatchets of native copper, when Columbus interrupted him (forgive generality), and he might have progressed to his Bronze Age in time if the Pilgrim Fathers and Jacques Cartier had not intervened to

voracious; and this would seem to make it impossible for one mother to feed and rear some six or eight of them together. As a matter of fact, the young cuckoo usually takes up the entire time and attention of a pair of hedge sparrows. Again, it has been usually said (since Jenner) that as the cuckoo migrates so early, it has to put off the task of nursing its young upon others. Yet it is possible, *per contra*, that the absence of maternal care alone induces the cuckoo to migrate betimes; it does not seem to be compelled by want of food (the usual stimulus of migration) because the young birds remain behind much later, so that they at least find sufficient provender. Above all, it must be remembered that the cuckoo is a wild, woodland bird, very shy and retiring, and that accurate observation of its habits and manners (*experto crede*) is extremely difficult.

On the whole, I should say the success of such a parasitic habit must depend upon a most peculiar assemblage of circumstances, all of which are only likely to coincide in a very few cases. They do coincide, as the result shows us, in the English cuckoo and in some species of the totally unallied genus *Molothrus*. They may not happen to coincide in the American cuckoo, or if they do, the habit may not yet have been fully fixed; or may once have existed and now be on the decline, through alteration in some essential circumstance. Food-supply, foster-species, a hundred details, may affect the result. Whatever be the true explanation in the case of our own bird, we can hardly doubt that it has something to do with the enormous and almost incredible preponderance of males in the European species—a preponderance which amounts to at least six to one, or, as some observers believe, to four times that ratio. This seems connected with the irregular

happen there under conditions that seem to us approximately similar. The conditions are always too endlessly complicated. Why what is, is so, we may sometimes guess; why what is not, is not so, may easily elude us.

THE MIGRATION OF CUCKOOS.

"Mr. Andrew Lang" (writes Professor Alfred Newton, from Magdalene College, Cambridge), "in doing me the honour of referring in your columns of to-day to 'a short article' of mine which appeared in *Nature* more than five-and-twenty years ago, holds me to blame because, in writing on one subject (the colour of the eggs of the European cuckoo), I did not bring in another (the migration of American and Australian cuckoos), which he is pleased to term the 'central point' of an argument I then used. Considering that nearly every bird, whether parasitic or not, is more or less migratory, I do not see exactly where migration comes into the business; but, supposing it to do so, I would ask Mr. Lang to be good enough to look at what I may have written on that subject. The last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is, perhaps, not unknown to him, and if he did but consult it, I think he would find the questions he asks answered in their proper places. There is also the last edition of Yarrell's 'British Birds,' of which the same may be said, not to mention another and more recent work, the title of which I abstain from quoting, as I have no wish to advertise my own wares. Mr. Lang seems to forget that a good deal may have happened since I contributed the article to *Nature* in 1869, and that 'a mere historical or literary writer'—even Mr. Lang himself, whom I hold in the greatest respect—of that time in treating of the French Empire would certainly have 'left out' all mention of the German."

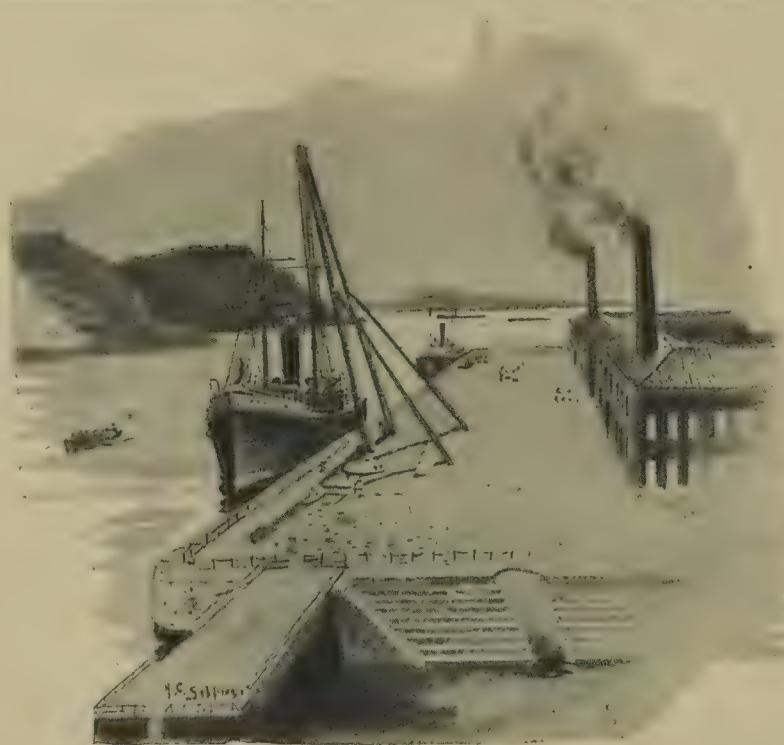
WERWOLVES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

After vampires, werewolves are the most disagreeable children of superstition. Happily, no educated person in England, whatever else he may believe in, holds by werewolves. We can therefore examine, without nervousness, Mr. Kirby Smith's elaborate essay on the topic in the publications of the American Modern Language Association (Murphy and Co., Baltimore). Mr. Kirby Smith, happily, does not confine his researches to works in modern languages. If I were to "hint a fault" in a sound and entertaining piece of work, the fault would be that Mr. Kirby Smith hardly makes it plain enough that there are not only werewolves, but wertigers, werlions, werhares, werfoxes (especially in Japan), and, in fact, *wer* all sorts of animals. The wolf, for obvious reasons, is the *werest* brute in Europe, that is all. The truth is that men can be turned into any sort of brute by witchcraft, or can turn themselves into any kind of brute; only the wolf in Europe is the favourite. And, at the bottom of the nonsense, as our author sees, is the old savage habit of taking no distinction between man and the things in the world. Between man and nature, animate or inanimate, savage science fixes no gulf. A man may become a star or a toad; a star or a toad may assume the shape of a man. To hint another fault, Mr. Kirby Smith scarcely shows his knowledge of the wide extent of the belief that we put on the nature of a beast when we put on its skin. The heroes of the "Volsunga" become wolves when they put on wolf-skins. A man, in a story, can only escape werewolfism by having his wolf-skin burned, at a distance, which performance causes him great agony.

kept up the belief. Mr. Tylor gives a fine case of a conjurer-tiger who did not hallucinate a European observer. To some extent, little children, when their father plays at being a bear, see him as a bear. I am inclined to suspect that such wild human outcasts in savagery as the Weendigoes of Labrador and their Zulu analogues also keep up the delusion. When we find that a whole people, like the Neuroi, in Herodotus, and the Ossory folk in ancient Ireland, "are wolves," or can become wolves, we may suspect a myth founded on an old totem-name, like that of the Hirpi, in Italy.

Thus, given the basis—that is, the failure to draw the line between man and beast—the savage theory of the permutability of all things, we see that various causes may help to develop and confirm the ghastly faith in werewolves. The ancients knew the werewolf well. The soldier in Petronius, stripping his clothes, converts them into stone by a simple rite, and commences wolf. Of course, nobody steals his *stone* clothes, and, putting them on again, he becomes a man, just as by putting on a wolf-skin a man becomes a werewolf. The oldest werewolf tale in literature—at least the oldest known to our author—is connected with the



IN THE DOCKYARD, PORT ARTHUR.

civilised etymologist derived *Lykaios* from *λύκος*, a wolf, not from *luceo*, to shine, as he should have done." He would have been more than partially insane, and also clairvoyant, if, not knowing Latin, he could have derived a Greek word from a word of the Latin language. And, even if he *did* know Latin, this was exactly what he should *not* have done. Of course it may be said that *Lykaios* and *luceo* have a common root, but that is a very different matter.

THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT CHEMULPO.

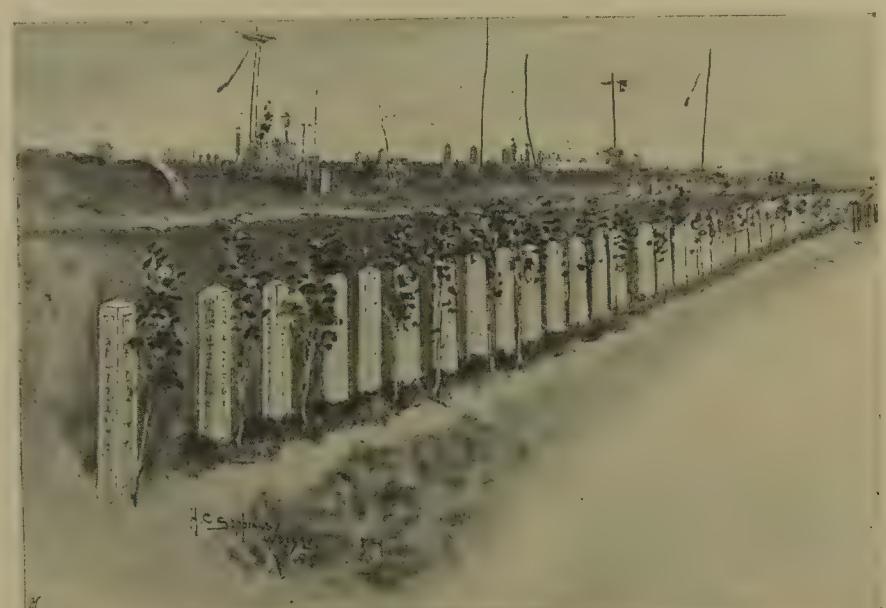
The exigencies of warfare soon necessitated a hospital at Chemulpo, and the Japanese selected for this purpose a large tea-house, which was quickly arranged for the reception of the sick and wounded. From the hospital many have been carried to burial in the cemetery not far away. Within a short time nearly the whole of the ground was filled. The bodies are cremated, and then buried in long trenches. To mark each grave a wooden post is erected, but there is nothing beyond this to signify the last resting-place of those who have sacrificed their lives in this terrible war.

THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT CHEMULPO.
Sketch by Mr. E. J. Rosevere, H.M.S. "Mercury."

Similar theories of skins are common. It is a snake-skin in Zululand; in many places the swan-maidens depends on her swan-skin. The celebrant in Aztec religion wore the skin of the flayed human victim. The victim is identified with the god, and the priest (by wearing the human skin) with both. Whence the habit, among animal-worshippers, of donning the skin of the god-victim, the totem. This idea and this practice run through ritual, religion, and fairy tale. The matter of the wolf-skins is only one example, though a very prominent example, of the almost universal custom and belief. This might have been a little more emphasised by Mr. Kirby Smith.

Again, if you cut off a werewolf's paws or wound him anywhere, the human being whom he loses a hand or foot, or receives a similar wound. This occurs to an Iroquois witch-bird in Lafitau's well-known book. It is common in tales about witch-hares. Nay, more, if you wound a witch's "astral body," she, in her carnal body, receives a similar hurt, as in one of the cases at Salem. German commentators make a pothor because the scar on the thigh of the actual Odysseus appears also on Odysseus when changed by Athena into an old man. It could not be otherwise, it is the law of the game. Here, too, werewolves obey the general rules of early imagination. Mr. Smith is inclined to reject the disease of "lycanthropy," and the more or less "hypnotic" and "suggestive" tricks of medicine-men, as origins of the werewolf fable. But he would no doubt admit that the disease and the tricks (whereby a conjurer will make a whole crowd see him changing into a tiger) may have corroborated and

wolf Zeus, Zeus Lykaios, and his holy hill and temple in Arcadia. Lycaon, the Wolf King, also appears in this connection. In the haunted Arcadian forest, men, like the magical students of Padua, lost their shadows. Lycaon became a wolf after sprinkling an altar with blood of a child: so says Pausanias. Or he became a wolf after presenting the wandering Zeus with a meal of human flesh. It is certain that, in Pausanias's time, human sacrifices were kept up in Arcadia, or, at least, that the priests of Zeus Lykaios pretended to keep them up. One of the participants in the cannibal Arcadian feast always became a wolf, says Plato. Pliny avers that Demænetus became a wolf in this way, but later recovered his human aspect, and was a noted bruiser, winning an Olympian prize for boxing. This is very much akin to the Scandinavian tale of Signy, in the "Volsunga." Mr. Smith strangely says, "Surely the whole tale of Lycaon never sprang from the fact that some partially

JAPANESE CEMETERY FOR SOLDIERS AT CHEMULPO.
Sketch by Mr. E. J. Rosevere, H.M.S. "Mercury."

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The French have as much right to mismanage their own affairs as we have to mismanage ours. If, instead of electing M. Félix Faure as their chief magistrate, they had elected M. Tivrier, and if the latter statesman (?) had chosen to attend reviews, public ceremonies, and State dinners in his blouse and casquette à trois ponts, we could no more have objected than they could if Queen Victoria chose to send for Mr. Keir Hardie to invest him with the Premiership, and the member for West Ham were to take his seat on the Ministerial bench arrayed in pea jacket, muffler, and cricketing cap. But, though debarred from active objection, one may, academically or otherwise, comment upon France's latest choice of a President. Without even for one moment comparing M. Félix Faure with M. Tivrier, or questioning the ability and fitness of the brand-new President, one may ask whether there was not some better-known man than the Havre shipowner and merchant to fill that exalted or supposedly exalted position.

unprecedented prosperity at home and respect abroad. "A fictitious prosperity and a fictitious respect," they say. Admitted they were both fictitious, there has not been even a semblance of fictitious prosperity and of respect since Sept. 4, 1870; and as for the adventurers who surrounded Napoleon III., they were assuredly not worse than the adventurers that have battened and fattened on France since the proclaiming of the Third Republic within seventy hours of the capitulation of Sedan. The Second Empire had no scandals to compare with the "Caffarel Affair," the "Panama Imbroglio," the "Dreyfus Treason." And if the Third Republic were confronted to-day with such an enemy as that which finally confronted the Second Empire, we are not certain that the results would not be equally disastrous to France.

I feel almost certain, though, that she will not be thus confronted, for the simple reason that she would not care to face another contest. France—by which I mean the nation—is brave enough in all conscience; she requires no testimonial from me or from anyone else as to her valour. But France is reduced to even greater silence with regard

for these many years had been found at last. And honest as that victorious general might be, he would only be human, and therefore unable to resist the hitherto pent-up, but now stentorian voice of the nation, which would proclaim him her dictator. Nay, the more honest, the cleaner would be the sweep he would make. That is why there will be no second contest between France and Germany, unless the latter country force it—which she will not do, for she also, though in another way, has much to lose if unsuccessful, and nothing to gain if successful.

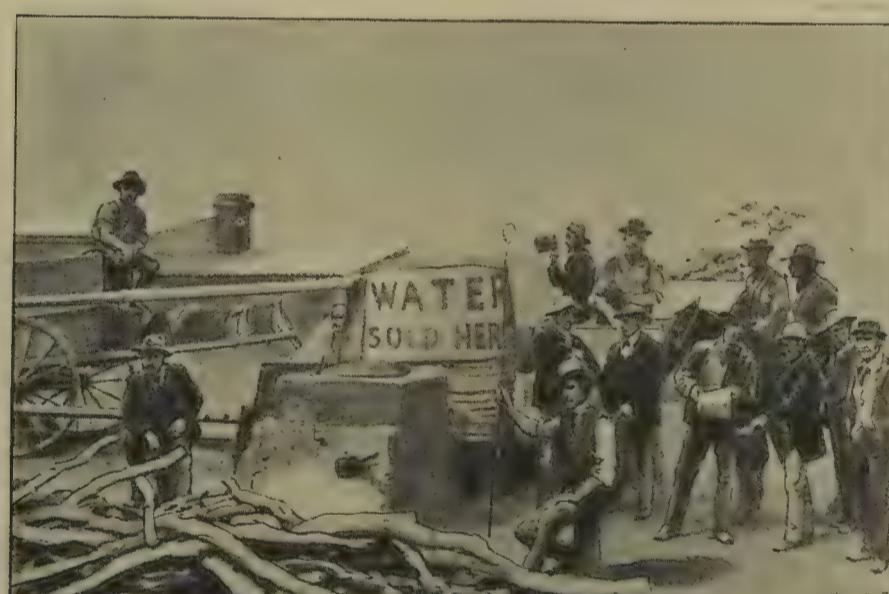
The same fear of being swept away inspires those legislators in their choice of a chief magistrate. They were afraid of Thiers, and Thiers was overthrown by them. They dreaded the secret counsellors surrounding MacMahon, who could have made an end of them, had he been less honest: MacMahon had to retire. They did not dread Grévy, for the nearest to him was virtually engaged in the same nefarious transactions by which they eke out their stipend. When found out they wanted a scapegoat: Grévy and Wilson had to go. Carnot was honest, but weak: Carnot would have retired at the end of seven



DRY BLOWING.



ESCORT LOADING UP GOLD.



MILLS AND CONDENSER.



COOLGARDIE VILLA.

And Echo answers: "There was no better man to choose, seeing the conditions under which he was chosen, seeing the conditions under which his successor will be chosen in a month or in a year, unless the clauses of the Constitution providing for such an election be thoroughly altered." I spoke just now of France's latest choice, but the expression is altogether incorrect. France has no voice in the election of her chief magistrate. If she had, the results might be different; if she had, we might have seen an eminent soldier, such as General Saussier, at the head of affairs; for—let there be no mistake about it—the army is still the most cherished of all their institutions with Frenchmen. No. France has no voice in the matter; the choice is literally settled between 850 legislators—political men, they call themselves—politicians, I should be inclined to call them.

France has no voice in the election of her chief magistrate, for such a voice would mean a plébiscite; and the word itself, let alone the thing, is sufficient to drive the crowd of nobodies and adventurers who have lorded it over France for nearly a quarter of century mad with rage. They remember what a plébiscite did on Dec. 10, '48; how it clinched its preliminary work exactly four years later; how it brought to the fore a man whom they professed to despise, but who nevertheless crushed them with an iron hand for almost two decades, while the country enjoyed

to her own destinies under the Third Republic than she was, under the Second Empire. The pressure brought to bear upon her during a general election is in appearance not so crushing as it was forty years ago; nevertheless, the Corps Législatif under Napoleon III. was a truer representation of the nation's will than is the Chamber of Deputies in the year of grace 1895. And the Chamber of Deputies, together with the Senate, are not so much afraid of a defeat in the event of an armed contest with Germany or Italy as of a series of drawn battles—not to say a signal victory. A defeat could only imperil the position of the 850 lawgivers, to the majority of whom the stipend of 9000f. represents a condition of material comfort which they did not enjoy previous to their entrance to the Palais Bourbon—the majority of those sitting at the Luxembourg have enjoyed those comforts for such a comparatively long period that they have almost forgotten their impecuniosity. In addition to that stipend there are the loaves and fishes of office, which, considering the frequent changes of Ministries, come to each one in turn. A defeat, therefore, could only imperil their position; it could not improve it.

A series of drawn battles or a victory, however, would simply make a clean sweep of the lot, for it would mean that the superior man for whom France has been looking

years if death had not forestalled his plans, for he was thoroughly sick of them—as sick as Casimir-Perier. If he be as weak as his two immediate predecessors, his tenure of office will not last a twelvemonth; if he be strong we shall have a military dictatorship or a monarchy. He will become a civil Monk to an eminent soldier, or a kind of Talleyrand to the great-grandson of Louis Philippe, or the grandnephew of the great Napoleon. I do not wish to pose as a prophet; mine is simply a forecast *en connaissance de cause*.

THE COOLGARDIE GOLDFIELDS.

The interest which Coolgardie excites in the public mind shows little diminution, although the place is no longer at the mercy of the ordinary adventurer. Many of the mines are appropriated by various companies, who carry on their operations in a more orderly if less exciting fashion than distinguished the early days of this marvellous district. The illustrations we give show various aspects of Coolgardie. The shanty, which is euphemistically termed a villa, would hardly commend itself for picturesqueness or comfort to most folks; but the miner is only too glad to obtain such shelter while indulging that *auri sacra fames* which has made Coolgardie a magnet. The escort is very necessary in a spot where rapacity overrides law.



SURRENDER OF CHINESE GENERALS AND STAFF.

From a Sketch by an Eye-Witness.

LITERATURE.

THE NEW TOXOPHILUS.

Archery. By C. J. Longman and Colonel H. Walrond. The Badminton Library. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—How much the history of archery is the history of man a thorough book like this alone can show. Every schoolboy has been taught something of the flint-headed arrows which his remote fathers "shot at popinjays" in a period when a noble company of haberdashers would have had no *raison d'être*. Most of us remember enough of our Homer to recall the bow, shaped of a goat's head, which was sufficient for the admirable Pandarus; there are few who do not continue to believe that Crecy was won by the skill of companies, white and otherwise, which withstood the charge of the French horsemen. And even if Mr. Longman does something to shake this fine tradition, and to write the beloved Robin Hood down as a mere day of the week—a myth, a shadow, a man of the ballads—there is yet remaining a sufficiency of romance and of fact to justify a volume upon the bowman and his craft. For the matter of that, we are apt to forget that the bow and arrow still figures as one of the weapons with which her gracious Majesty the Queen is defended. The Royal Body-Guard of Scotland is responsible for her safety when she is across the border, and would doubtless rise to great heights—or flights—of valour should the unhappy occasion ever be. This is the oldest company of archers existing in the kingdom, if one neglects to recognise the claims of the Honourable Artillery Company, which was enrolled by Henry VII. to excel in the use of the bow. Another body in which the authors of this work are particularly interested, the Royal Toxophilite Society, dates from the year 1780, having been founded by Sir Ashton Lever; but it leads the English archer of to-day, and is causing him to multiply in a way that is astounding. This revival of a delightful pastime is no new thing. At many an old country house and at many public gardens in the provinces—notably at the Botanical Gardens in Birmingham—enthusiasts have been keeping alive quietly the traditions of an absorbing pastime, until at last the people generally have turned to them, as they did not long ago to the golfers of St. Andrews, and have rushed in to take up a new amusement. Ladies especially—and this is no matter for surprise—find that archery is one of the most delightful of exercises; and while they cannot wield the heavier bows, they are perhaps more successful than the men in all things pertaining to grace and extreme delicacy of touch. But the science of the bow is not to be learnt in a day—indeed, it is among the most difficult of all the sporting sciences; and unless a style be acquired at the beginning, the budding bowman cannot but prove a miserable spectacle and an unhappy one. To save him from the pitfalls which beset his path, to place him as he should be—in short, to make an archer of him—here is the justification of this admirable volume. It could not fail to be largely historic; it is the better for the immense pains which are displayed in the accumulation of fact and of romance; and in the way of being a real manual, intended for the use of the absolutely ignorant, it is almost the best of the Badminton books. The authors have had the assistance of many skilled archers in their work, and they have been helped by some singularly fine illustrations.

MAX PEMBERTON.

AMERICAN BOOK-PLATES.

American Book-Plates (Ex Libris). By Charles Dexter Allen. Illustrated. (London: George Bell and Sons.) Surely the fallacy that still regards the United States as a "new" country should not outlast this century. A nation which can supply material for a monograph on the book-plates of its citizens, with examples dating from over two hundred years, is at least old enough to know better (as a rude Briton once put it), if not actually of age. A claim for forbearance on the ground of youthfulness goes ill in the presence of a work of this class. Even your *nouveau riche*, when he has bought a gallery of ancestors in Wardour Street, must needs forego the delight, hitherto legitimate enough, of proclaiming himself self-made; therefore, one may welcome Mr. Charles Dexter Allen's book with cordiality beyond its deserts, full of intrinsic interest though it be, should it help to place America as a nation that has long since sown its wild oats and accepted the responsibilities of mature age.

To a collector this volume will prove an ideal handbook; the ordinary reader may wince at its style, or lack of it, but still be interested by the mass of miscellaneous facts it includes. A cynical Briton will be amused to note the eagerness displayed by Walt Whitman's "Pioneers, O Pioneers" in attaching to themselves armorial bearings, those badges of feudal slavery one had expected them to reject with fine scorn. Our ingenuous author confesses that after 1730 this home-made heraldry is not merely inaccurately displayed, but cannot be "relied upon as sufficient and indisputable right" of the bearers to use it.

The earliest plate described is that of the Rev. John Williams, 1679, the first minister to Deerfield, Mass., who, with his wife and children, was carried into captivity by the Indians in 1704. Among other important examples are those of William Penn, George Washington, Daniel Webster, and eleven of the signatories to the Declaration of Independence; not to mention many later notabilities, including Oliver Wendell Holmes, T. B. Aldrich, E. C. Stedman, Brander Matthews, and Edwin Booth. Chief of native craftsmen, Paul Revere, whose famous midnight ride, commemorated in Longfellow's stirring ballad, made him a hero of the Revolution to American schoolboys for ever, is here represented by several plates which he engraved, that are of distinct merit apart from their personal interest.

Some of the mottoes in use over-sea are worth remark. That borne by H. W. Longfellow's, *Non clamor sed amor*, if not peculiarly appropriate for an "ex libris," is in itself typical of the poet. Among humorous examples we find: "This book was bought and paid for by D. C. Colesworthy; borrowing neighbours are recommended to supply themselves in the same manner, price 75 cents"—a label which suggests pertinent imitation. Three others: "Anyone borrows, but a gentleman returns;" "Although many of my friends are poor arithmeticians, they are all

good book-keepers"; and "Book-keeping is taught in three words—Never lend them," are specimens of the comic side of a not very lively subject. As an example of painstaking bibliography, and, so far as fairly close investigation can discover, admirable completeness, the volume deserves high praise. Its catalogues, lists, and bibliographies are far-reaching and most lucidly arranged. Its illustrations are numerous and good, in short, it will be indispensable to "ex libris" men, and quite worth a place on the shelves of those who care little for the labels of ownership, but delight in stray facts concerning men and their hobbies, which such books as these gather from all sorts of sources for the delectation of students.—GLEESON WHITE.

MR. WATSON'S POEMS.

The appearance of Mr. William Watson's *Odes and Other Poems* (John Lane) appeals to curiosity more powerfully than most publications by men of equal mark. Compared with many of his contemporaries, Mr. Watson's range is narrow. He has evinced few signs of the creative impulse; with some insignificant exceptions, the realms of narrative and drama and idyll are as yet untraversed by him. Neither is he a fluent subjective poet, deriving the substance of his verse from his own thronging and variable emotions. Subjective in so far as his poems usually portray moods of feeling, the feeling is usually evoked by some tangible circumstance, from the centenary of a poet down to a ramble with a dog. Such poetry is the most arduous of any. A striking situation or a brilliant piece of description will go far to cover up the defects of the narrative poet. The emotion, if genuine, will take care of the simple and spontaneous lyric; but to develop a stately and elaborate poem from a single thought or incident requires an intellectual as well as a constructive effort of which a very good poet may be quite incapable. It was, therefore, a question of no small interest whether and how Mr. Watson would continue to tread the difficult path in which, since Matthew Arnold's departure, no other English poet seems disposed to emulate or even to follow him. The response is entirely satisfactory. Mr. Watson writes as he did, but still better. The style is even more dignified, the versification more finely modulated; and, an infallible proof of sincere feeling, the measure of the poet's success is almost always the dignity of his subject. The two or three pieces which may be regarded as failures are not so from deficiency of the writer's art or skill, but simply because the theme would not repay the labour. On the other hand, the finest of the poems challenges Wordsworth and Shelley at their best. We do not think that Mr. Watson has surpassed the earlier laureates of the skylark; we will not affirm that he has equalled them; but we do consider that stanzas like these establish his indefeasible title to sing beside them—

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet—
The virginal, untroubled sky,
And this next region at my feet—
Alas! but one have I!

To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade, of mundane care.
They amid mortal mists are made—
Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears;
My song comes fluttering, and is gone.
O high above the home of tears,
Eternal Joy, sing on!

followed by a number of equally beautiful stanzas, which we have not room to quote. Not less fine is a poem in blank verse, "Vita Nuova," composed upon the poet's recovery from a grievous malady. We have only space for the last lines, which suffer by divorce from their context—

Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain—nay, string, how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Wheron himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

The odes to Arthur Christopher Benson and H. D. Traill are also in Mr. Watson's best vein. The former is very noble; the latter shows his happy gift of dignifying what might have appeared trite by choice, chaste, and nervous expression. They well sustain comparison with that union of elegance and grandeur, Campbell's farewell to Kemble. The paraphrase of Horace's ode to Licinius is felicitous; and the sextets of some of the sonnets, especially "The Frontier," are very fine. In his shorter and more epigrammatic pieces Mr. Watson, as formerly, strongly reminds us of Landor, who never wrote anything more terse and delicate than this quatrain—

Forget not, brother singer! that though Prose
Can never be too truthful or too wise,
Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes.

This admonition, with a slight divergence, we should be disposed to address to Mr. Watson himself. He is not one of the poets who fetch their inspiration from worlds beyond the moon, or of those who find it in the meanest flower that blows. His mission, so far as yet made evident, is to deal with the things which all will allow to be fine, but which some will consider more pertinent to the domain of prose than to that of poetry. To redeem and consecrate them for the latter requiresunction: the poet must conceive his subject poetically, and be himself penetrated by enthusiasm for it. When these requisites are present, as in the pieces of which we have made mention, the result is an august strain, bordering upon greatness; where they are absent, we can only admire the skill of the literary craftsman. It is of happy augury for Mr. Watson that his enthusiasm always seems in proportion to the worth of his subject: it follows that he should be careful in his choice. He cannot yet carve a cherry-stone as finely as an agate, nor is it desirable that he should.

RICHARD GARNETT.

A LONDON LETTER.

To me the most interesting event of the week is the visit of the Prince of Wales to Zaehnsdorff's bookbinding establishment. In itself that is nothing. The Prince may have the same desire to see how books are bound as to see the processes in any other manufacture—no more, no less. It is the Prince's purchase that is interesting. Will it be believed that his Royal Highness bought a first edition of Shelley's "Queen Mab"?

* * * * *

Shelley was not more avenged when they erected Mr. Onslow Ford's monument to him at Oxford, or edited him for the Clarendon Press. That the poem which excited so much horror in its day should have become a treasure of the collectors is interesting enough. You may, indeed, buy a first edition for a pound or two, but "the real thing" will cost you thirty pounds. The real thing is the book with its titlepage and introduction, the titlepage containing the imprint, "Printed by P. B. Shelley, 23, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square, 1813," and the introduction, Voltaire's "Ecraser l'Infaute." For this book uncut you pay thirty pounds or so. In a cut form you pay different sums in accordance with its condition. The Prince paid Mr. Zaehnsdorff twenty-two pounds for his copy.

* * * * *

The difference in price is due to the fact that from the larger number of copies distributed Shelley tore the title-page when he realised that it might involve a serious prosecution. If Shelley could only know that the heir to the greatest throne in Europe had paid a large sum for a beautifully bound copy of his fierce tirade against monarchs!

* * * * *

Alas for the moral of my story! Mr. Zaehnsdorff has just informed me that the Prince did not buy his first edition of "Queen Mab"; but his Royal Highness bought a complete "Shelley," so that the moral is there all the same.

* * * * *

Mr. Ruskin has notified that he has never written a letter "which all the world are not welcome to read if they will," and some kind friends are taking him at his word rather more than is necessary. Here, for example, is a batch of privately printed "Letters on Art and Literature"—a tolerably superfluous collection of trivialities, with perhaps this single letter to Mr. Frederick S. Ellis to redeem the monotony. In this letter there is an expression of opinion, even if it be an absurd one. The other letters contain only mere conventional phrases. "Thank you for getting the 'Utopia' for me" (Mr. Ruskin writes). "What an infinitely wise—infinitely foolish—book it is! Right in all it asks—insane, in venturing to ask it, all at once—so making its own wisdom folly for evermore; and becoming perhaps the most really mischievous book ever written—except 'Don Quixote'!" Please send me by bearer, if you can, a complete series of Morris's poems from first to last. I see a nice review in the *Pall Mall* of the last volume."

* * * * *

The sale of Mr. Edmund Yates's books at Sotheby's discloses the fact that the distinguished journalist had little claim to be called a bibliophile in either of the senses in which the word may be accepted to-day. He was no eager seeker after first editions, whether in the fourpenny box or through the catalogue of the second-hand bookseller. All the treasures which would appeal to that type of book-lover were presentation copies from friends, and certainly the autograph letters of Charles Dickens, which make a very handsome volume in morocco, will be of immense value in the eyes of some Dickens collector, although even that collector will regret that Mr. Yates displayed his admiration for his friend by binding up the letters in such a form. Autograph letters, one may safely say, lose their value when they are pasted into books, just as first editions deteriorate when they are elaborately bound.

* * * * *

Nor was Mr. Yates a collector in the other sense of desiring to surround himself with the most important books in every branch of literature. It may be, of course, that a number of books had been kept back by the family, but the gaps, from the point of view of a literary and historical student, were very wide indeed. Here and there was a library edition of Dryden or Shelley, but one could not be quite sure that these were not copies for which Mr. Yates was indebted to his position as editor of the *World* rather than to his own particular taste. It is no disparagement of a man to say he is not a collector, and as against that one may safely say that Mr. Yates has written without exception the most entertaining volume of reminiscences published in the Victorian era, and that is praise indeed.

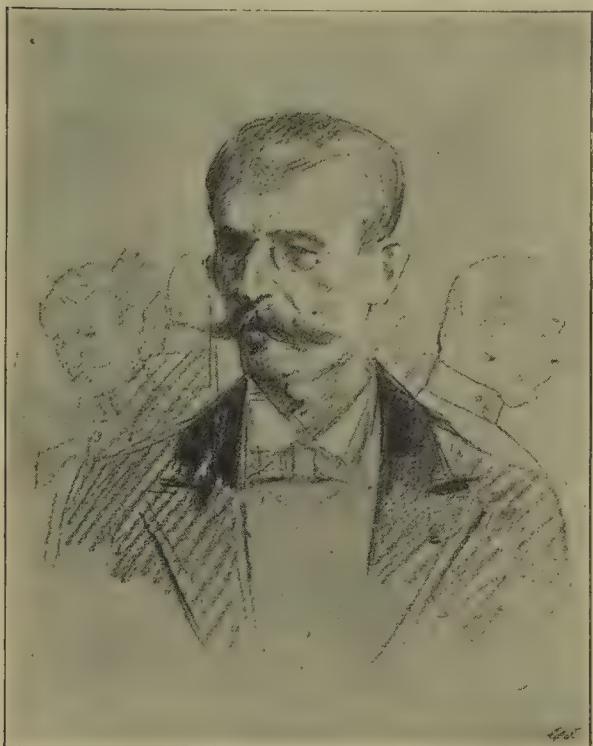
* * * * *

Mr. Robert Barr has made a complaint against Messrs. Mudie respecting his recently published book, "In the Midst of Alarms." It would appear, from his letter in the *Daily Chronicle*, that this story was originally published in a magazine, where it was cut and mutilated, as he expresses it, to fit the requirements of space. The story in a more complete form was issued a little later by Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Barr's grievance is that the Library, instead of purchasing copies from the publisher, bought up the magazine and circulated the mutilated copies among its subscribers. But who shall say that in this the Library was not actuated by a strong feeling for art! We all remember how Mr. Kipling first issued "The Light that Failed" in an American magazine, and afterwards changed its ending when it came to be published as a book. Who is there among us that does not prefer to have "The Light that Failed" in the magazine edition? Who is there among us, again, that does not prefer Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby" as first published in *Harper's Magazine*? I, at least, have taken care to bind up the pages of "Trilby" in its unmutilated form. Should, however, any of Mr. Barr's friends ask specifically for Messrs. Methuen's edition of "In the Midst of Alarms" and receive the other, then possibly the author would have a genuine grievance. C. K. S.

TEN DAYS IN BOSNIA.

I.—A RETROSPECT.

On Jan. 27, in the year 1887, Mr. Gladstone, writing to M. Emile de Laveleye, expressed his conviction that the well-being, tranquillity, and liberty of the Balkan Peninsula had come to be of more critical importance than ever to the interests of Europe. The occasion was the contemplated production by the author of "Socialism of To-Day" of a new work upon the Balkan States, for which purpose he had paid a lengthy visit to the peninsula, and had gathered a host of facts and figures to elucidate the political



BARON KALLAY, PRIME MINISTER OF BOSNIA.

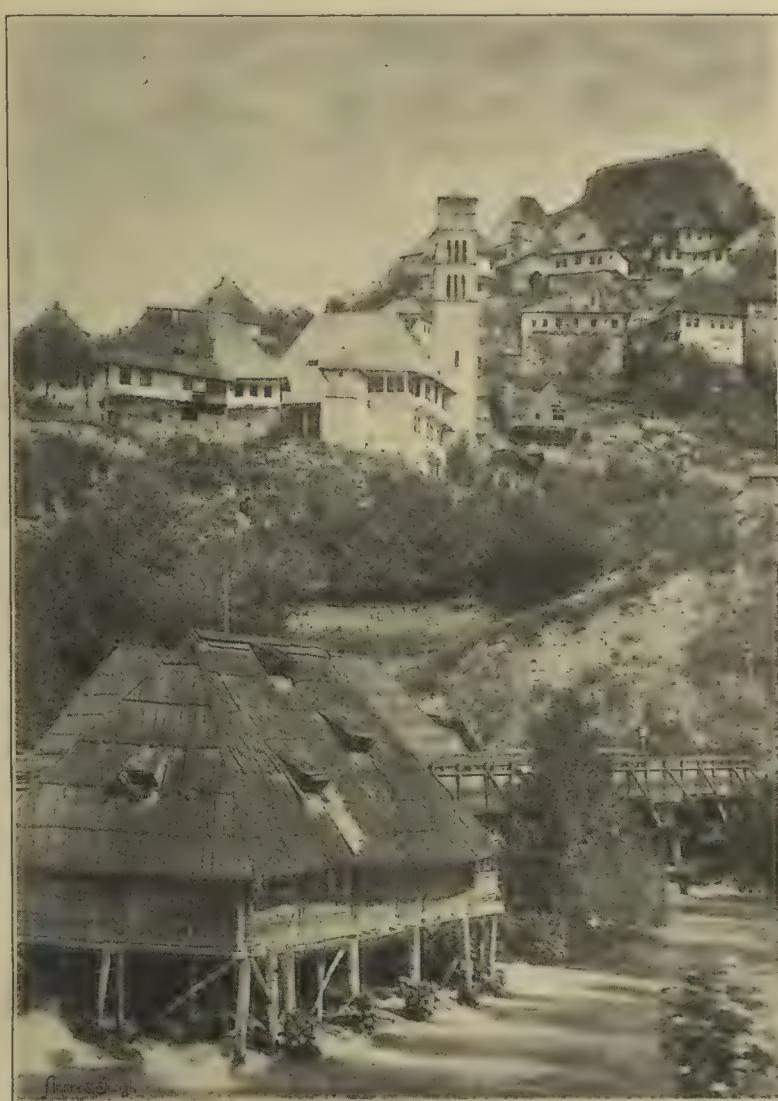
From a Sketch by W. Scott.

and economic condition then prevailing. It is in the pages of this book, now reckoned a standard work, both here and in France, that one finds the best and clearest testamur to the work of Austria in its new possessions of Bosnia and of Herzegovina. Seven years ago M. de Laveleye met Baron Kallay—the maker of Bosnia—in his old house in Vienna. He expressed astonishment that a man so young should have accomplished so much. "The empire," says he, "was formerly governed by old men; it is now in the hands of young men; it is this which gives it the mark of energy and decision. Hungarians hold the reins, and there still flow in their veins the ardour of primitive races and the decision of the knight. I seemed to breathe throughout

when the Kaiser Francis Joseph first came to their possession. Seven years ago, M. de Laveleye doubted if the rule of any man could settle the agrarian difficulty in this land of mountain and of gorge, of forest and of stony plain. To-day the agrarian difficulty can scarce be said to exist. Railways run where formerly were insuperable roads; schools have sprung up, forgotten industries have been revived, the *rayas* and the *kmet*, who groaned and bled under the lash of Turkish extortion, are promising to become thrifty husbandmen and ready tax-payers; more than all, the Budget of the country balances, and this without drawing one penny from the mother State. A vast change indeed, a cleansing of the Augean stables of an Ottoman province, a revolution accomplished by the personal force and character and consummate ability of one man.

The remote history of the mountain land of Bosnia is not the subject of these papers; but before we speak of the country as we found it in a personal visit of some days' duration, it would be well to say a word upon its distant past. Until the last ten years few men have searched its annals or its records. While it slumbered beneath the soporific rule of the Turk, deaf to the cries and the sufferings of the Christian dogs, who were murdered and tortured and robbed at the will of the tax-collecting middlemen, neither history nor learning was considered an honourable occupation. But Austria has opened the doors of light, and in the work of regeneration has not neglected the other work of the recorder, by which the present condition of the country alone can be understood. And in this labour it has been laid down clearly that at the dawn of history Bosnia was nothing more than a part of Illyria, peopled already by Slavs, but soon to be conquered by the Romans, who overran the whole region so far as the Danube, and annexed it to Dalmatia. The bridge at Mostar, the relics of a temple at Novi-Bazar, a bridge near Serajevo, some baths at Banjaluka—these are the standing witnesses to the occupation; nor is the paucity of them surprising, in

Southern Bosnia, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. In the new kingdom, kings arose, and the Catholic Faith; but the sway of Rome was quick to receive a check, from which it has not recovered in these States to this day. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in the history of Bosnia than



JAJCE: VIEW FROM THE RIVER PLIVA.

the part played by the Bogomiles, the missionary Protestants of the country. Gathering their faith from emigrant Albigenses, who came to preach the simpler Christianity, the Bogomile movement overran the land, and was pursued with the fire of fanaticism. In vain Popes appealed to the Kings of Hungary; in vain armies set out to burn and kill and exterminate. The Bogomile heresy was enduring, even national. It lasted until the



A VIEW BELOW JAJCE.

Austria the air of renewal. It is like the buds of spring crowning a venerable trunk."

To understand with some completeness what Baron Kallay has done for Austria in the Balkans it is necessary to hark back in the history of these "wild and savage lairs," as they were called at the time of the Berlin Treaty

the light of other revelations. For, at the fall of the Empire, this land ran with blood through long centuries. Goths and Avars poured westward, to ravage and to burn. In the year 630, Croats joined the emprise and added wholesale massacre to their task of occupation. Serbs followed ten years later, to exterminate the Avars and to people



A BOGOMILE TOMB, FIELD OF THE INFIDELS.

conquest of the country by the Turks, and the bloody victories of Mohammed laid Bosnia at the feet of the Sultan for five centuries.

This conquest of Bosnia, with the fierce and protracted struggle it engendered, is one of the most fascinating pages in the history of the land. In the year 1446, the Grand Inquisitor

Zarai had laid down at the Diet of Konjitcha such severe laws against the Bogomiles that 40,000 of them left the country. A fearful civil war followed. Hungary came to the assistance of the Catholic Church, but to no purpose. King Thomas, then ruling the State, was murdered by his own son, who called in the help of Mohammed II. It was thought that the rule of the Turk could be no worse than the disastrous internecine strife then waging in the mountains; but the hope was ridiculous. For many years the great war smouldered in the mountain fastnesses. The beautiful citadel of Jajce was not taken until the year 1527. Again and again the Croatians defeated the Turks, until, worn with the protracted struggle, ill-led and disheartened, they laid down their arms and put their necks beneath the heel of the Sultan. It was then that the Porte showed its power. The country was laid waste; no less than thirty thousand of the youth of Bosnia were enrolled among the Janissaries; two hundred thousand slaves were carried to Turkey; numberless towns were burned; the churches became mosques; the Bogomiles, with a belief which was infinitely shallow, made themselves Mohammedans; the Catholic faith almost died out, the Greek Church did little better; but the Christians of all sects were looked upon as dogs, and from that time until the Berlin Treaty they were murdered and pillaged as the Turk willed.

It is in the history and the persecution of these Christians that the key to the whole of the agrarian difficulty which Austria has had to deal with in Bosnia lies. No sooner were the Turks established than the land fell into the hands of the Mussulmans and the Beys. As we have seen, a large number of Bosnians proclaimed themselves converts to

the consolation of further exactions and severer cruelties. It is strange that this pitiless tyranny could have existed securely for five centuries; but exist it did, and no cry from the *raya* came out to Western Europe. In 1850 he made his first attempt to overturn his masters, but contrived only the butchery of his own people and the burning of his towns. In 1875 he rose again, and this time, fighting with singular bravery, he dealt a blow at the power of the Porte which in some measure contributed to its final overthrow. Three years later the Berlin Congress assigned to Austria the two provinces which the Turk had proved himself so incapable of governing; and after eighteen days' severe fighting, the army of Baron Joseph Philiporic, which descended from the Danube, joined the forces of Baron

Jovanowitz, which came up from Metkovich, and a sanguinary struggle in the streets and about the citadel of Scrajevo closed the scene of death and of misrule.

It is true that Bosnia, both Orthodox and Mohammedan, fought against the new power, and fought with consummate bravery, but its opposition was in part the opposition of ignorance. The Turk trembled, and rightly, for the continuance of his privilege to kill and to burn; the Christian saw in the advance of Austria the coming of a new power of which he knew nothing and in which he feared an increase of his wretchedness. To-day, he has learned to submit passively to the rule of the Kaiser; no longer is he smoked or cut or left without bread; he has witnessed the metamorphosis of his land, the opening of the savage lairs which were given to Austria by the famous treaty, and the coming of a civilisation which has accomplished much, and is a lasting memorial of the genius of the man who rules three nationalities and is rapidly making them as one.

It was our good fortune in the summer of last year to visit this country where the cities have run red with blood, and which has been the scene of so many infamies. We shall hope in other papers to speak with detail of the many picturesque features of the land, of its mountains, its strange rivers, its lakes, and its pastures. And in doing this we hope to be able to show more clearly the effect of Austrian rule both as it appears to the governors and to the governed.

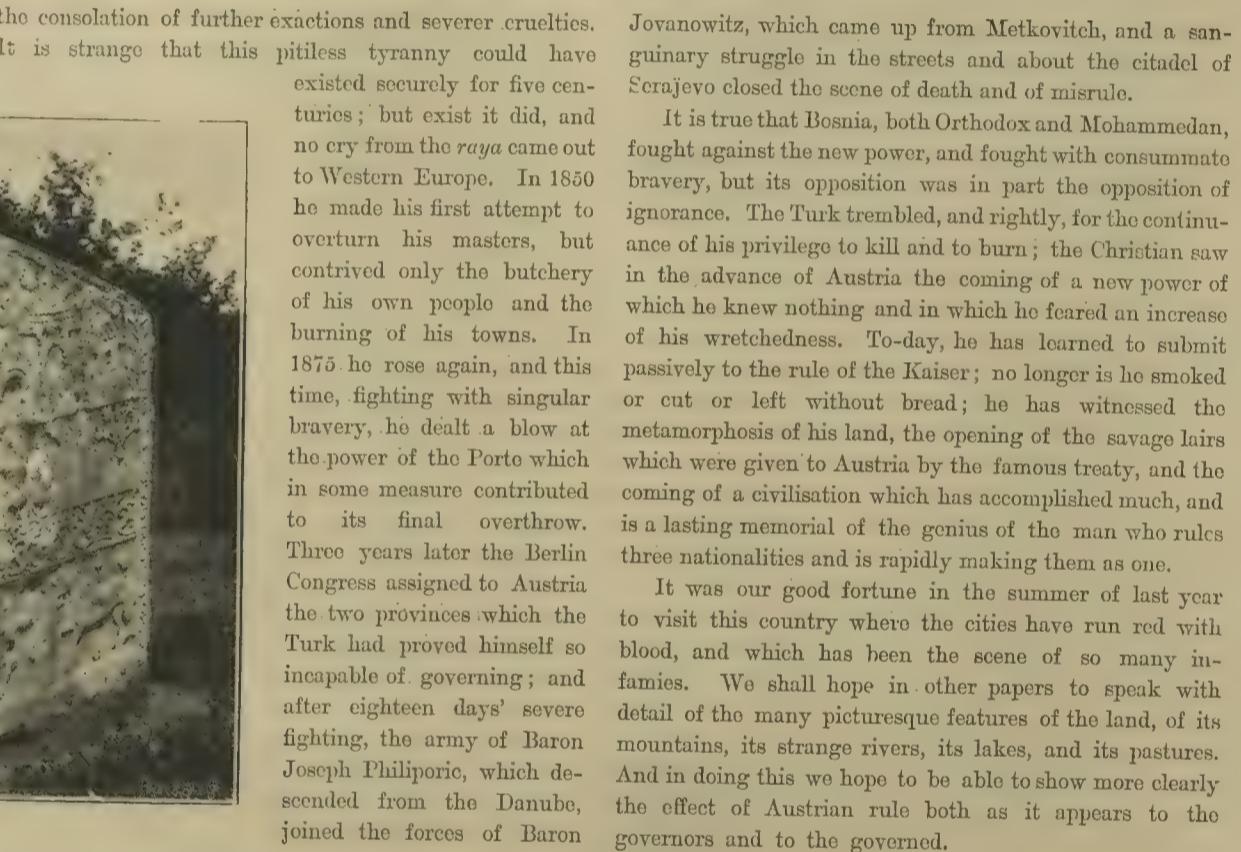


A BOGOMILE SARCOPHAGUS.

Islam to save their skins. It is thus that, while there are many followers of Mohammed in the State, the number of actual Turks is few. But for all purposes of torture and oppression the converted Bogomiles learnt readily from the Beys above them, and agreed in the persecution of the Christian. They decided that the wretched *raya*, or *kmet*, who tilled the land, should pay half or a third of all the produce of his labour to the Bey; beyond this were the taxes paid by the Christians to escape military service, a tax upon cattle, and coming down to the present century (for the customs varied little with the advance of time) other taxes upon houses and lands and upon the sale of horses. These imposts were heavy enough, but it was not so much their actual sum as the method of collecting it which brought misery upon the *raya*. The Bey farmed his rights to *malmudirs* or local agents. These valued the crops as they stood in June, when agricultural produce was necessarily at its highest price. If any visitation of drought or wet or destruction came upon the land after the valuation, the *raya* had no relief. He was compelled to pay, and the money was extorted by the aid of revolting torture and true Eastern cruelty. Sometimes the miserable wretch was strung up in a tree while a fire of straw was lighted beneath his feet; sometimes his body was laid open with the slash of a *yataghan*, and boiling oil was poured into his wounds. If he rose against authority, he was butchered mercilessly. And his cry at the feet of the Bey—"A little bread! oh, that once we might eat a little bread!" brought upon him



BOSNIAN PEASANTS AND WAGON.



GOLDEN SERAJEVO.



THE JAPANESE AT PORT ARTHUR.

From a Sketch by an Artist with the Japanese Forces.

The Japanese advanced through the main street of the town, after taking the inland forts. Houses on both sides were looted, and the street was strewn from end to end with débris. In the roadway were chests burst open, broken chairs and crockery, umbrellas, fans, shoes, oil lamps, dead dogs and cats—a melancholy spectacle of wreckage.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some weeks ago I had an opportunity for the first time of inspecting Mr. Edison's most recent invention, the kinetoscope. This appliance, in which the principle of the old zoetrope, or "wheel of life," is utilised, consists of a case in which is contained an electrical motor, causing a celluloid film to revolve at a rapid rate. On this film are printed photographs depicting figures in action, and these photographs are so numerous and have been taken so rapidly as to give the impression on seeing them that one is witnessing the original movements. The different retinal impressions, if I may so put it, are blended so closely as to constitute one whole series of continuous action, just as in the old zoetrope you fancied you saw one and the same boy playing leap-frog over the shoulders of his companions. The kinetoscope showed a skirt-dancer's movements in perfection. As one gazed through the little glass square on the revolving film lit up by electricity one could well imagine that the dancer in diminutive actuality was performing before him. So was it with Buffalo Bill and his Indian conference, the uprising and down-sitting of the speakers being marvellously reproduced.

The application of the kinetoscope to science appears to me to be plain enough. With a series of photographs of a galloping horse, a flying bird, or a falling cat, properly combined so as to present us with a picture of what actually occurs in these movements, we should be able to understand graphically more about them and their nature than is now the case. I do not know whether Mr. Muybridge and M. Marey have had their attention directed to Edison's latest invention in this respect, but I shall feel curious to know if any scientific outcome is apparent or possible from this ingenious instrument, or whether it is destined to remain simply a toy, and to serve no higher purpose than to amuse the crowd as a show at so much per head. There is another point to which I should like to draw attention. A friend has informed me that at Blackpool, some two or three years ago, he saw in an exhibition on the pier an appliance which he asserts had all the features of Edison's invention. In this case, however, in place of looking into a case in which the photographs were contained, the spectators simply witnessed the exhibition as it appeared on a small stage. Can any reader confirm this assertion, and send me particulars of the exhibition and its inventor? If so, I should be greatly obliged for the information.

We have been receiving further information regarding the minute structure of the brain within the last few weeks. The researches to which I allude have been noted in various periodicals, but as yet I have not chanced to light upon any scientific description or confirmation of them. Therefore, I may simply indicate, for the present, that the researches to which I allude appeared to demonstrate the presence in the grey matter of the brain of definitely collected and connected groups of brain-cells, devoted doubtless to the work of sub-offices in controlling special phases of our intellectual acts. We know of brain-centres for the guidance and governance of our muscular actions and of our sensory impressions, and it may not be altogether surprising that, in the higher regions of the brain, localisation of functions and a physiological division of labour are also represented. This view of things, should it be proved to be a real discovery, follows in an interesting fashion upon the researches of the Spanish physiologist Dr. R. y Cajal, to whose work I directed attention in this column on the occasion of his Royal Society lecture. He showed the manner in which our delicate brain-cells were linked together, and how their processes grew and intertwined as development proceeded. The more recent discovery, if it comes to anything at all, will, I presume, throw further light on the constitution of the groupings into which the cells are collected.

Dr. William Carruthers, I observe, has been giving the deathblow to the superstitions regarding the germination of mummy-wheat and peas. It is a popular notion that wheat and peas from mummy-cases retain their vitality to the extent that when duly planted they will sprout. Cases have been recorded of this phenomenon, but under rigid examination Dr. Carruthers holds they all break down. In one case two plants grown from so-called mummy seeds proved to be oats, a plant which was unknown in ancient Egypt. Other two seeds, taken by the late John Macgregor from a coffin (the property of the Duke of Sutherland) at the same time that the corn-seeds were obtained, failed to germinate at all in the hands of Mr. Sowerby, of the Botanic Gardens.

Dr. Carruthers reminds us of Professor Henslow's case, reported to the British Association in 1860. This was a typical case, because from seeds supplied by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Tupper had grown mummy-wheat. But these seeds, which had come, as I understand the account, from a catacomb, "had been exposed for sale in the jars of a corn-merchant at Cairo." Recent grains had become mixed with the catacomb seeds. Robert Brown, the botanist, Dr. Carruthers adds, actually discovered a few grains of Indian corn in samples of mummy seeds supplied by Sir G. Wilkinson. Again, peas were shown which were alleged to be the product, after some generations, of an original mummy-pea stock. Dr. Carruthers found the plant was not our cultivated pea. He communicated with the brother of the correspondent who reported the case, and the brother admitted he did not find the peas, but bought them from an Arab, who said he had taken them from a mummy-case. The peas were ordinary Egyptian peas, such as are now cultivated in Egypt.

These facts are admittedly very awkward to deal with, and appear to throw adequate doubt on the popular stories. The limit of life varies in different seeds, but there are sufficiently wonderful facts known in this direction without postulating the truth of the popular ideas about mummy wheat and peas. Thus a *Nelumbium* water-lily seed germinated after one hundred and fifty years' refuge in Sir Hans Sloane's Museum. The seeds which preserve their vitality longest are said to be those which are naturally sown in water. They are specially protected by a hard dense covering, which also operates in the way of ensuring the prolongation of their existence under otherwise rigorous conditions.

CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C G B (Purley).—Received with thanks, and shall be examined with a view to publicity. Other games will be welcome if up to standard of publication.

R D W (Birmingham).—We are much obliged for the game, and will look over it at once.

W DAWBER (Guernsey).—Problem to hand with thanks.

C W (Sunbury).—We agree with all you say, and are pleased to publish the compositions of two such representative veterans in the problem art.

O H P (Cheltenham).—Duly to hand, but we would prefer to see your fifteenth or twentieth attempt.

E J SHARPE (Clapton).—You have not yet found the solution of No. 2648. The move of Kt to K 4th, wrongly given as Kt to Q 5th, which we suggested, is a defence against every attack but the right one.

A C P (Chelmsford).—Very pleased to hear from you, and note that your right hand has not lost its cunning.

M Q (Piccadilly).—1. B to K 6th; if now Black play 1. R to Q B sq, 2. P to K 8th, becoming a Knight and giving mate.

W H PEACH.—If Black play 1. P to K 7th, 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch), and 3. Q or Kt mates.

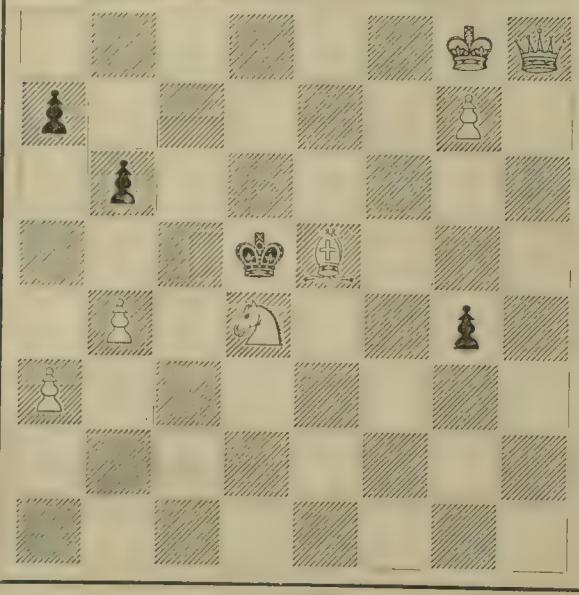
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2641 received from D A Lomer (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2643 from Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2644 from Joseph Stephenson (Philadelphia); Dr A R V Sastry and The Chess Knights (Troy, N Y); of No. 2645 from Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2648 from C E Ferugino and R Worts (Canterbury); of No. 2649 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); Rev Francis W Jackson, Franklin Institute, W David (Cardiff); John M'Robert (Crossgar), Borden School, O Pearce (Wootton-under-Edge); J D Tucker (Leeds); E Arthur (Exmouth); E B Savile, John M'S Moorat (Folkestone); Herbert Prodham, W E Thompson, Henry B Byrnes, H H (Peterborough); Hereward, Charles Wagner (Vienna); W M Curtis (Liverpool), and W H Peach.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2650 received from E Loudon, Edward J Sharpe, T G (Ware), D J Tucker (Leeds), C D (Camberwell), J Ross (Whitley), R Worts (Canterbury), Herbert Prodham, Dr F St, M A Eyre (Folkestone), W R Raillem, Shadforth, J Coad, Borden School, Alpha, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Martin F, J C Ireland, Sorrento, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), R H Brooks, H Moss (Sheaford), H N (Bournemouth), Miss Marie S Priestley (Bangor, County Down), J S Wesley (Exeter), W Wright, G Douglas Angus, E E H, J Dixon, R W Henry (Birmingham), T Roberts, Dawn, and Oliver J.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2649.—By R. HINDLEY.

WHITE.
1. Kt to B 4th
2. Mates accordingly.BLACK.
Any movePROBLEM NO. 2652.
By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in four moves.

CHESS IN WALES.

Game played in the handicap at the Hydro, Llandudno, between Messrs. Jacobs and Gunston.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. G.) WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. G.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th time. We suggest instead first taking the Bishop with Knight, and then B to K 4th. By this means the K Kt P would be secured with some chance of attack.
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
 3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
 4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd
 5. Castles Kt takes P
 6. P to Q 4th P to Q Kt 4th
 7. B to Kt 3rd P to Q 4th
 8. P takes P B to K 3rd
 9. P to B 3rd B to Q 4th
 Apparently necessary from White's point of view, but the development is slow.
 10. B to K B 4th P to Kt 4th
 11. B to B sq P to Q 5th (ch)
 12. Kt to Q 4th Kt takes K P
 13. B to K B 4th P to K 4th
 These moves are a lamentable waste of time. We suggest instead first taking the Bishop with Knight, and then B to K 4th. By this means the K Kt P would be secured with some chance of attack.

14. Kt takes B Q to B 3rd
 The capture now is a very different affair, Black's Queen being well in play.
 15. B takes Kt P takes Kt
 16. Q to K sq Q to B 6th
 The beginning of the end; Black promptly uses every opportunity offered, and has played the game in fine style.
 17. P takes P Q takes Kt P
 18. Q to K 2nd K R to Kt sq
 19. Q to R 5th (ch) R to Kt 3rd
 20. Q to R 2nd B takes P (ch)
 21. R takes B Q takes R (ch)
 22. K to R sq Q to B 8th (ch)
 23. Q to Kt sq It mates

CHESS IN AUSTRIA.

Game played at Gratz between Professor BERGER and J. WIMMER.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Prof. B.) BLACK (Mr. W.) WHITE (Prof. B.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 13. B to Q 2nd
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd 14. P to B 3rd
 3. Kt takes P P to Q 3rd 15. R P takes B B to K 3rd
 4. Kt to K B 3rd Kt takes P 16. Kt to R 4th
 5. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th White now threatens R takes B, followed by Q takes Kt.
 A peculiarity of this opening is the Queen's Pawn moves twice with only one other move intervening.
 6. B to Q 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
 7. Castles B to K 2nd
 8. Kt to B 3rd P to B 3rd
 9. Kt to K 2nd Castles
 10. Kt to Kt 3rd P to K R 3rd
 Dr. Tarrasch, in his *Französischer Schachblatt*, from which we take the score, points out there is no conceivable object in this move.
 11. R to K sq B to Q 3rd
 12. B to K 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
 13. B to Q 2nd White prefers to keep his Bishop, but it is curious how many moves in this interesting game are apparently purposeless.

In the London League competition, the City Club beat the Bohemians by 12 to 8.

The Metropolitan Club encountered the Ludgate Club at Mullen's Hotel on Jan. 17. There were fifty-two players a-side, and the former club won 36 games to 16.

The third annual tournament in connection with the Craigside Hydro, Llandudno, was commenced on Dec. 28, and continued for the following ten days. The entries were not quite so numerous as had been expected, but several well-known amateurs took part in the championship contest and the handicap. The winners were Mr. Jacobs, who, with six games, secured the North Wales Challenge Cup; and Mr. Gunston, who carried off the handicap. One of the games between these players is given above. The meeting generally was so pleasant that a Whitsuntide tournament was determined upon, under the management of a committee consisting of the Rev. J. Owen, Messrs. L. Hoffer, Porterfield Rynd, Herbert Jacobs, and W. H. Gunston.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There is a perfect craze for spangles just now in all evening dress, and for mixing the most extraordinary varieties of colour in day dress; one bonnet will bear on it five or six tones, the foundation may be of gold, the flowers black, mauve, and pink in a cluster, and the ribbon bows black and violet, while a sable tail or two wanders about and in and out, or waves above all. Immense width is another keynote of newness in fashion. Wide bows on the front of bonnets, wide bows behind or at the sides of dress collars, and immensely wide sleeves, are all the rage. I grieve to add that wide skirts are clearly following in the wake of all the rest of the width. Paris dresses that are coming over as models, and Paris fashion-books alike, are showing the skirts not only cut very wide, but actually slightly distended round the lower part in a bell-like shape. If we do not take care, we shall find that our tyrants, the dressmakers, have committed us to crinoline before we realise what is happening. It is thus that absurdities are brought about. One part of the costume is exaggerated, and others are unduly expanded or contracted to reach after an artificial harmony in the figure, since the natural harmony has been destroyed by the first alteration. Absurdly wide sleeves seem to the eye to demand a correspondent balance of width below. Trimming on the skirts also seems likely to be the fashion of the new frocks. In two of the very newest Paris models I saw, in one case, on a brown crépon skirt, two downward panels of golden-brown velvet ending in big bows a few inches above the feet; in the other, on a handsome dark grey brocaded silk, panels of embroidery running from the waist to under a wide feather ruche that completed the skirt. On an evening dress of white faille, again, I saw a roundwise trimming of twists of chiffon and garlands of pink roses.

Jet is profusely used on evening dresses, as well as on visiting gowns of silk. Many of the colours that are being patronised for the latter class of dress are so very glaring that it is a good thing to tone them down with the shining jet. Perhaps the most fashionable hues of the hour are periwinkle blue, magenta, petunia, and purple. These all by themselves are too glaring for good taste; add black ribbon or moiré and jet, and they are all right. In one good gown jet passementerie is seen applied to tweed. The dress is of golden-brown tweed faintly striped with threads of tan and yellow. It is trimmed from the foot to the bust with a band of graduated width of golden-brown velvet, and the yoke is covered with an openwork of jet laid over yellow velvet. Round the neck is a ruche of brown ostrich-feather trimming, finished off with a big brown silk bow. A ruche or a big buck collar bow indoors, or a boa out-of-doors, or a ruffle of chiffon, or a pleated silk collar, or some sort or variety of full and wide frilling in at the throat, is almost universally worn. A plain collar or an unbedizened throat have quite a bare look in the prevalence of the opposite style.

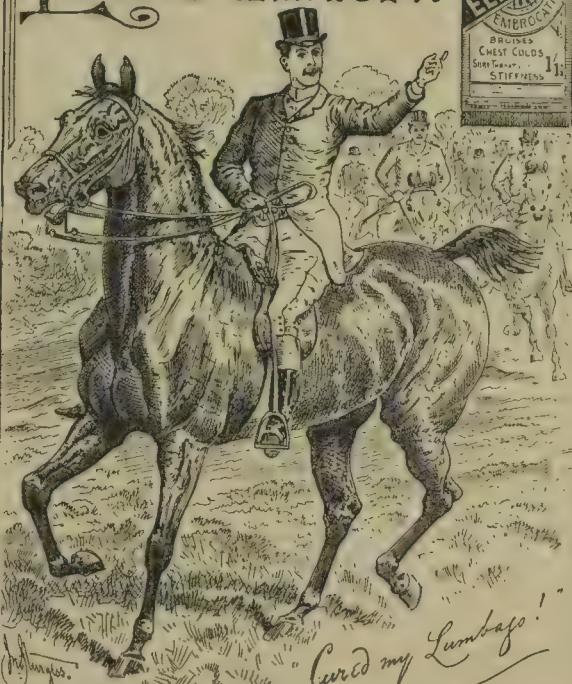
Poor Mrs. Bloomer, who recently died, was one of that "first line of reformers" of whom I spoke a week or two ago, who get nothing but the mud of the roughs and the jeers of the many. Her attempt to introduce Turkish trousers for daily wear in America, however sensible in essence, was made at an unfortunate moment, and was in every respect unhappy. The poor dear woman's very name should have warned her off that particular field of effort: to be a "Bloomer" is patently ridiculous at the first hearing! Then her attempt was made early in "the fifties," when, as the old fashion-plates inform us, the dress of women was of a singularly "finicking" and elaborate style. The skirts were full and betrimmed, the shoulders sloped amazingly and feebly, and the bodices all had full pleatings and downward trimmings. No fashions could have been more diametrically opposed to those that Mrs. Bloomer wanted to introduce—wide but relatively close trousers and a sort of round tunic, or else a shirt-front and coat.

We now are used to "tailor" dresses, to a loose coat, opening over a blouse or vest, often worn with a tie and white linen front, and to plain, straight-falling tweed skirts. The difference between a modern lady cyclist and her sister in walking garb is therefore trifling as compared with the difference between the "Bloomer" and the ordinary woman of her day. I heard Susan B. Anthony, the leader of the American Woman's Suffragists, say at Chicago, at the Women's Congress, that she had worn the Bloomer dress for five years when it first came out, and that it was the hardest thing she had ever done. Any variation from convention in such matters is apt to be visited by the shallow public opinion of a moment with more severity than a real dereliction from the eternal proprieties. Dr. Johnson has an observation to the effect that, however nice a particular coat that Goldsmith had got himself might in reality be, it was not worth while for him to wear it, because it made all the boys stare and pass remarks. In a similar tone, Frances Power Cobbe says in her recent "Life," referring to the plain and unfashionable style of costume adopted as a permanent garb, regardless of the mutations of fashion, by Miss Harriet St. Leger (Fanny Kemble's favourite correspondent, "H. S.", and also a friend and neighbour of Miss Cobbe's in Ireland): "All the empty-headed men and women in the county prated incessantly about these inoffensive garments, insomuch that I early arrived at the conclusion that, rational and convenient as such dress would be, the game was not worth the candle." It is this sort of mentally striking a balance between the advantages and the penalties that prevents so many sensible women from undertaking dress reform. Poor Mrs. Bloomer, having set forth on the course, however, had better for her own sake have abided by it, and who knows whether she might not have gained over the world? As it was, she gave up her dress herself, and thus she was only ridiculous in both ways—too bold and not bold enough.

The new edition of the "Royal Blue Book" (Kelly and Co.) is in every way an improvement. The style and type of the book have been altered with advantage, the streets are now arranged in strict alphabetical order, and the pages are wider. To add to the value of the volume, many "at home days" are added after various names. It is interesting to read that for seventy years the book was in the hands of the same family, which has now transferred the copyright to Messrs. Kelly.



ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.



LUMBAGO·RHEUMATISM·ACHES.

Accident.

Mr. F. H. LEES, New Zealand, writes: "Dawson's Hotel, Reefton, September 10, 1894.—"On mounting my horse a couple of weeks ago it bolted, and came down with me upon a wooden bridge, severely twisting and bruising my foot and shoulder. I obtained a bottle of Elliman's and applied it every few hours, with the result that on the second day I could get about again, and a week after rode here fifty miles."

Severe Pains.

Mrs. S. DALLINGER, Aldinga Villa, Oxford Road, Bournemouth, writes: "A lady in my house was taken with severe pains in the leg and side at night. I rubbed well with Elliman's the affected part, which allayed the pain and enabled the lady to sleep."

Aches and Pains.

Miss ROSE ALPHONSINE, Spiral Ascensionist, writes: "When doing my Spiral Ascension at the Jardin de Paris, my feet and knees became swollen and very sore. I tried your Embrocation, and after two good rubbings I was able to perform. I now use it after every ascension, and will always keep some by me."—23, Helix Gardens, Brixton Hill, S.W., London, October 29, 1894.

Lumbago.

From a Justice of the Peace.
"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your 'Embrocation,' and its effect has been magical."

Football.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.
"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

Rheumatism.

EUGENE WOLF, Esq., Antananarivo, Madagascar, writes: "I contracted severe rheumatism in both legs; H.B.M. Vice-Consul here made me a present of a bottle of your Embrocation, which has cured me within a week."—July 31, 1894.

Sore Throat from Cold.

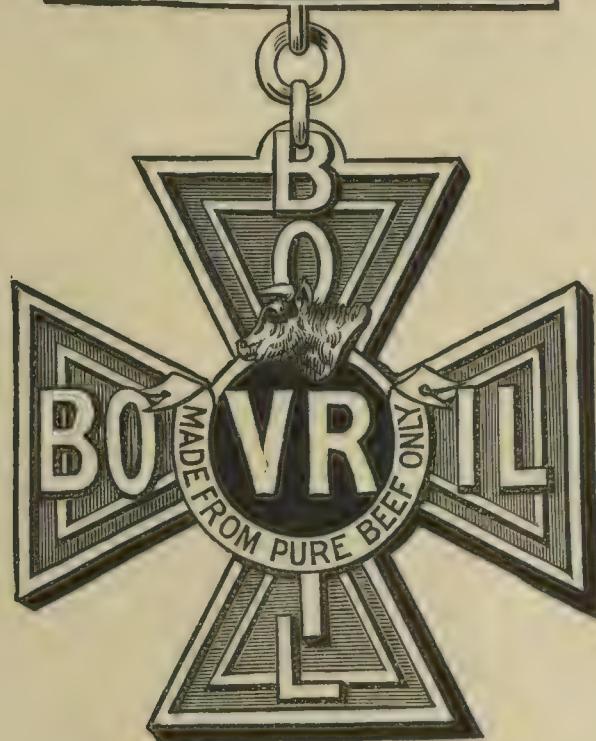
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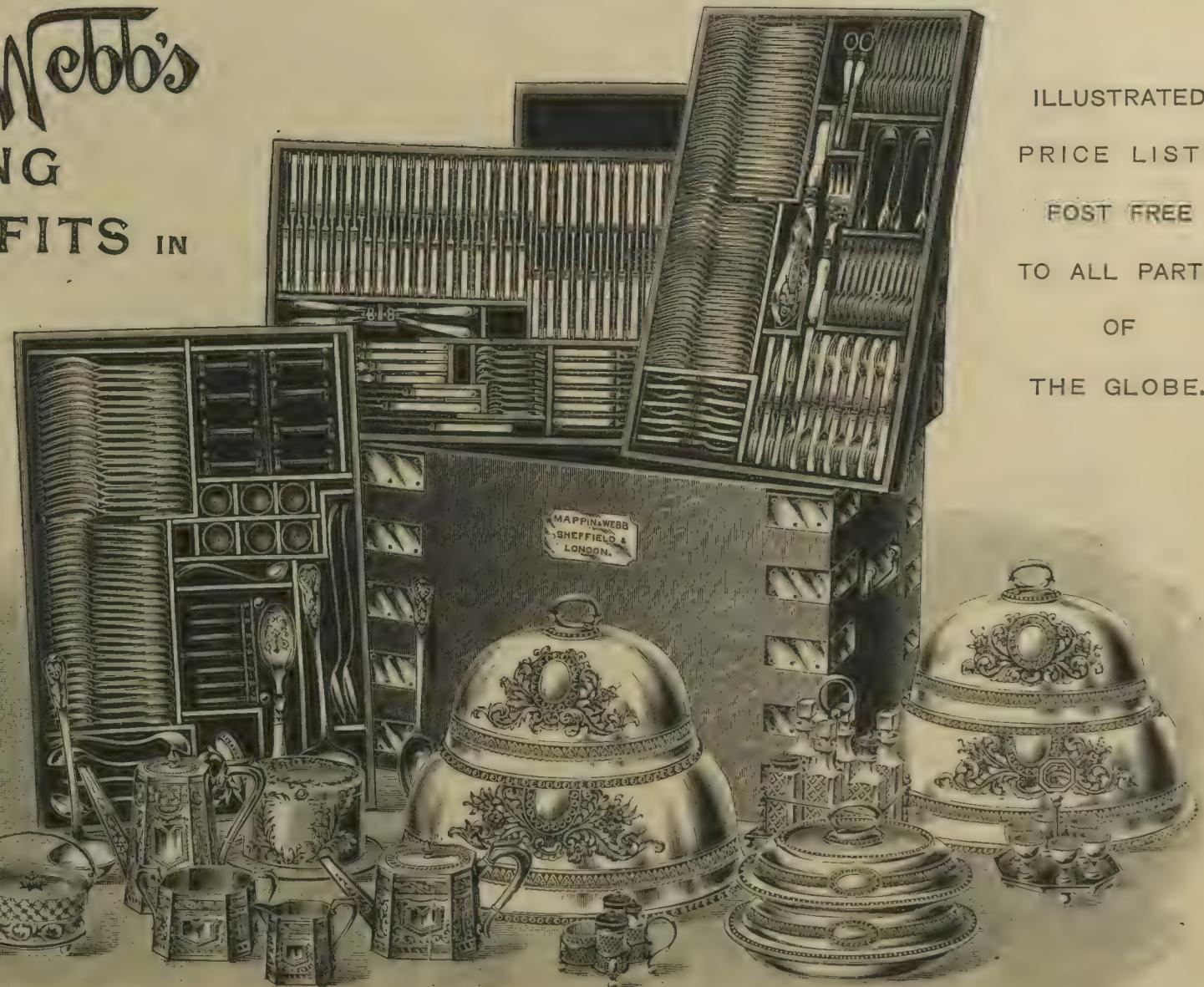
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1890), with a codicil (dated Dec. 6, 1892), of Mr. Robert White, of 86, Marine Parade, Brighton, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Jan. 10 by Miss Abigail Morison White, the daughter, Mr. Augustus White, the son, and Miss Jessie White, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £75,218. The testator bequeaths an annual sum not exceeding £200 for the support and maintenance of his wife, Mrs. Abigail Morison White; £200 per annum for the support and maintenance of his son Harry; £500 each to his daughters Abigail Morison and Jessie, and his sons Augustus and Robert; all his jewellery, plate, furniture, articles of household use or ornament, horses and carriages to his said two daughters; and legacies to sister, nieces, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two twelfths of the income each, upon trust, for his sons Augustus and Robert, his wife, and children; and four twelfths of the income each, upon trust, for his daughters Abigail Morison and Jessie and her children. On the death of the survivor of his four last-named children, the ultimate residue is to be divided between their children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 28, 1893), with a codicil (dated July 13, 1894), of Mr. William Hooper, of Camborn Lodge, Surbiton, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Dec. 28 by John Warner and Edmund Frederick Good, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £57,101. The testator bequeaths £2000 and all his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Anne Hooper; and annuities during her life to Ellen, the wife of his nephew Bennett William Hooper, his niece Clara Hooper, and his stepdaughter Sarah Grimley; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life. At her death he further bequeaths £3000 each to the five surviving children of his late brother Bennett Hooper; £5000 each to his niece Clara Hooper and his nephew Alfred Balch Hooper; £1000 each to his great-niece Gertrude Whittle, and his stepson William Grimley; an annuity of £80 to his stepdaughter Sarah Grimley; £100 to the Benevolent Fund of the Pharmaceutical Society; and other legacies. The ultimate residue he gives to his wife, his nephew Charles Adams Hooper, and the said William Grimley and John Warner.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1885) of Mr. Henry Charles Chilton, of Merrow Croft, Merrow, Surrey, who died on Oct. 7, was proved on Jan. 12 by Alfred Richard Tickell Chilton, the son, and the Rev. George Robert Comyn Chilton, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £41,352. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Solicitors' Benevolent Institution and the Law Association for the benefit of the widows and families of solicitors and proctors in the metropolis and vicinity; £50 to the United Law Clerks' Society; £20 each to King's College Hospital, the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution, the Surrey County Hospital, Guildford, the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the Royal School for the Daughters of Officers in the Army, and St. John's Foundation School for the Sons of Poor Clergy (Leather-

head); and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the children now living of his said son (including Violet Gertrude Mary Malin Chilton, his daughter by his first wife) and the children of his present wife, Caroline, hereafter to be born, in equal shares. He states that he does not make any provision for his granddaughter Sybil Fanny Blanche Chilton, as she is more amply provided for by settlement; and that he does not make any provision for his said son (except in the event of the failure of his children), as he is also amply provided for by settlement.

The will (dated May 3, 1893) with a codicil (dated Sept. 24, 1894), of Mr. Joseph Holland, of Dunedin, Frant Road, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Oct. 4, was proved on Jan. 12 by Mrs. Frances Sarah Holland, the widow, and Francis Stanley Holland and Charles Henry Holland, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £28,436. The testator bequeaths £300, and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £1500 to his son Charles Henry; and during the life of his wife £40 per annum, and at his wife's death £500, to his daughter Flora Amelia Tomlin. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, and then for his children, Francis Stanley Holland, Frances Sarah Kelsey, Elizabeth Jane Fairbairns, Lucy Annie Dowson, Flora Amelia Tomlin, Edith Dowson, and Charles Henry Holland, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 6, 1890) of Mr. James Watson, formerly of Calcutta, and late of 8, Pembridge Villas, Bayswater, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Jan. 12 by Mrs. Emily Anno Watson, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to £15,265. The testator gives his jewellery, liquors and consumable stores, and £300 to his wife; his residence, with the furniture and effects, and £1400 per annum to his wife, for life or widowhood, she clothing, maintaining, and educating his unmarried children while they shall be willing to reside with her; and conditional annuities to his sisters Catherine and Isabella. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1892), with three codicils (one dated May 21, 1892, and two May 29, 1893), of Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Baldock, of 8, Grosvenor Place, who died on Oct. 1, was proved on Jan. 12 by Andrew George Corbet, the brother, and Sir Clement Lloyd Hill, K.C.M.G., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,787. The testatrix makes various appointments and bequests to her two daughters, Ellen Constance, Countess of Kilmorey, and Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Ussher; and there are some specific bequests to her son, Edward Holmes Baldock, and legacies to servants and others. The residue of her estate and effects she leaves to her said daughters.

The will and codicil of Miss Olympia Hutton, of Daylesford House, Clarence Parade, Southsea, who died on Dec. 5, were proved on Dec. 21 by Robert Bruce Armstrong and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Fuller, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,895.

The will of Mr. Charles Edward Gee Barnard, J.P., of Cave Castle, South Cave, in the East Riding of Yorkshire,

who died on Aug. 14, was proved at the York District Registry on Dec. 6 by Mrs. Sophia Letitia Barnard, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9291.

The will and two codicils of the Rev. Peregrine Arthur Ilbert, of the parish of Thurlestone, Devon, who died on Nov. 10, were proved on Jan. 8 by Mrs. Rose Anne Ilbert, the widow, and Courtenay Peregrine Ilbert, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9213.

The will of Lieut.-Colonel John Erne Money-Kyrle, J.P., D.L., of Homme House, Much Marcle, Herefordshire, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Jan. 12 by Mrs. Ada Frances Money-Kyrle, the widow, and Major Audley Walter Washburne Money-Kyrle, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5014.

The will of Mr. William Shelton, formerly a captain in her Majesty's Army, of Glenmore, Wraysbury, Bucks, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Jan. 9 by Frederick William Shelton Shelton, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3530.

The exhibition of the Laud relics has attracted much attention, a large number of people having visited it every day. The Rev. W. E. Collins, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, London, lectured last week on "Laud as a Statesman." There were about five hundred people present, including many clergymen. The lecturer defended Laud from the charge of Erastianism. He maintained that there was something very fine in his administration of affairs when we overlook the initial blot that it was a tyranny. His care of the poor was very marked, and he initiated many useful social reforms, which it was impossible to trace to anyone but himself. He even upheld the doctrine of the equality of all men before the law. Mr. Collins made out a defence of the Star Chamber and the High Commission Court. He said that Laud used no tyranny out of keeping with his own time, or worse than that used by his opponents when in power.

The twenty-sixth *Vanity Fair* Album contains a wonderful variety of portraits of contemporary men of note. The distinctive characteristic of the drawings is, in the words of caustic clever "Jehu Junior," that they ignore affectations, add nothing to their subjects, but merely picture them as they are seen, in uncompromising truth. Thus we have Mr. Henry Cust, M.P., in his shirt-sleeves at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office; Lord Tweedmouth, wearing his hat as a sign that he is no longer a Whip in the House of Commons; the Marquis of Breadalbane, who once earned the Royal Humane Society's medal; the Serjeant-at-Arms, which is a particularly good sketch by versatile "Spy"; Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and many others. The letterpress is in most cases kindly, though critical. Two of the successes in the Album are Sir Joseph Barnby and Dr. Burdon Sanderson. The frontispiece, "At Cowes," shows the German Emperor, the Prince of Wales, Lord Dunraven, the Hon. Victor Montagu, Lord Ormonde, and Lord Lonsdale, in yachting costume.

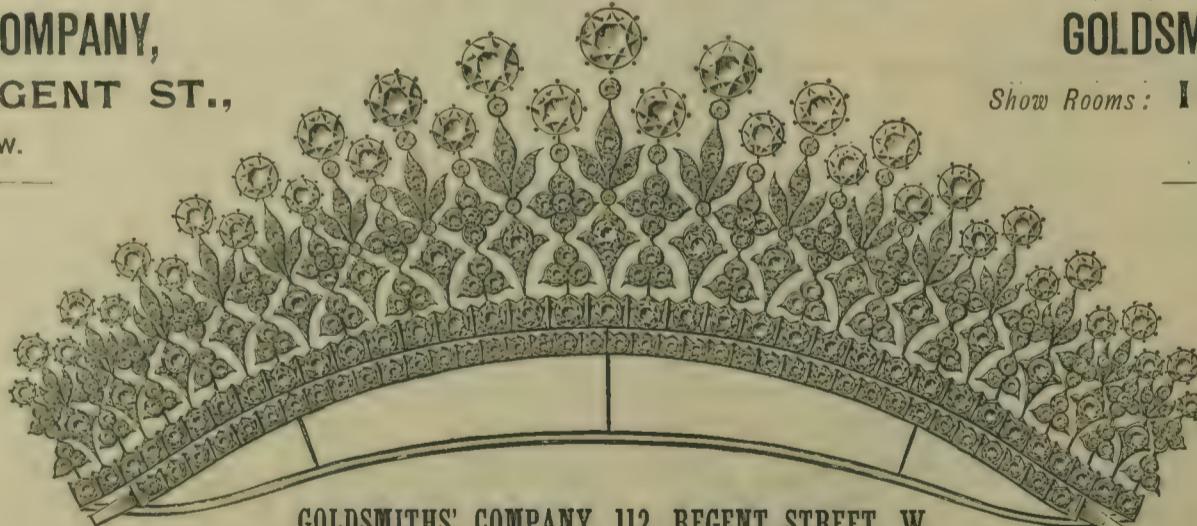
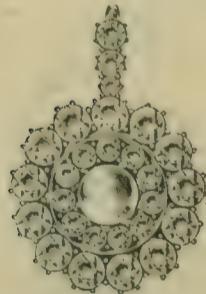
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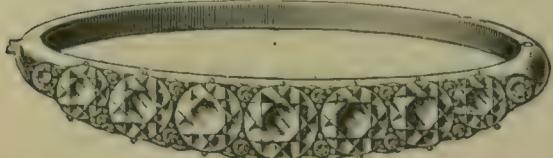
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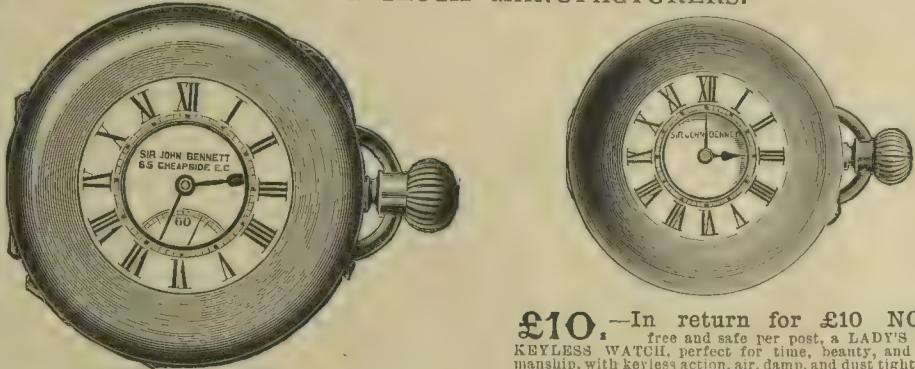
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OBITUARY.

A venerable and interesting figure in London society passed away on Jan. 15, in the person of Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Schreiber. She was the elder sister of the present Earl of Lindsey, and was born eighty-two years ago. She married, in 1833, Sir John Guest, Bart., who died in 1852; and, secondly, in 1855, Mr. Charles Schreiber, M.P., who died in 1884.



Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor St.

LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER.

Her eldest son, by her first marriage, was created Baron Wimborne in 1880, and married a sister of Lord Randolph Churchill. Lady Charlotte lived a very intellectual and useful life. Her knowledge of fans, for instance, was so extraordinary that the Company of Fan Makers rightly presented her with its freedom, as did also the Company of Playing-Card Makers. The cabmen of London have lost a kind and generous friend in her. She was very assiduous in all her work, and, until blindness afflicted her, was a keen student. Latterly she had spent most of her time under the roof of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Edward

Ponsonby, in Cavendish Square, though her death took place at Canford Manor, Wimborne.

Lady Tennant, wife of Sir Charles Tennant, died on Jan. 21, at the family seat, The Glen, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire. She was married in 1849, and was the daughter of Mr. Richard Winsloe, of Mount Nebo, Taunton. One of her younger sons is Mr. H. J. Tennant, M.P., who acts as assistant private secretary to the Home Secretary. Lady Biddulph and Mrs. Asquith are daughters of the late Lady Tennant.

The Most Rev. Dr. Lawrence Gillooly, who had been Roman Catholic Bishop of Elphin since 1858, died on Jan. 15.

The Rev. Arthur Majendie, rector of Bladon-with-Woodstock, Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Marlborough, died on Jan. 15, aged fifty-six.

Mr. Alexander Pulling, one of the last Serjeants-at-Law, and the author of many legal works, died on Jan. 15, aged eighty-one.

The most Rev. Dr. Tobias Kirby, who was the only Irish prelate resident in Rome, died on Jan. 20. He had only recently resigned the rectorship of a college which he had held for forty years. He was a fellow-student with the Pope.

Cardinal Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse, has died recently at the age of eighty-seven. He held successively the Bishoprics of Réunion, Limoges, and Toulouse. To the latter he was translated in 1859, and became a Cardinal twenty years afterwards. He was the senior member of the College of Cardinals as regards age.

The Rev. R. H. Lundie, who was Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in England in 1865, died in Liverpool on Jan. 20. He had been in the ministry for forty-five years. Formerly at Birkenhead, he had laboured in Liverpool since 1866, and was a most influential member of the Presbyterian body.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

With the welcome revival of "A Pair of Spectacles" at the Garrick Theatre came a perfect avalanche of young Terry's to the stage. Mr. John Hare with Mr. Sydney Grundy's delightful play appears once more to have played the best trump in the pack, and fairly taken the trick. For months—nay, for years—the theatrical camp has been divided against itself. One division said that the public desires advanced plays—plays containing problems and symbols, plays that will educate the illiterate and thoughtless masses up to the standard of people with bees in their bonnets, upholders of fads, and supporters of cranks. The opposition said, "Nonsense! Go to! You are silly egotists who do not understand human nature. The playgoers of this or any capital in the world want the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin; they want the harmless exaggeration that is one of the conditions—one of the strictest conditions—of stage art: they want imagination more than reality. Of realism—sordid, beastly realism—of the fallibility of nature they get enough and more than they want every day of their lives. The stage, rightly used, suggests a better, a higher, a purer, and a nobler condition, and this is the supreme pleasure of the stage to the majority of healthy minded citizens." I will pass over the jargon that is written and published about the art of the stage, and how the stage ought to force that art on its patrons. Our most modern preachers insist that the public voice has nothing to do with art, that the public, for whose entertainment a play is produced, and who pay for it, should have nothing to do with the merit or demerit of the play submitted to them. Let, then, Mr. John Hare decide this important question. The extraordinary success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" upset the theatrical apple-cart. From the moment of that success it was assumed that the public pined for Mrs. Tanquerays, and would not be satisfied without them; whereas the success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was

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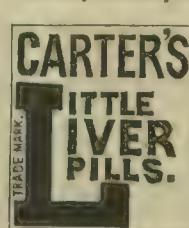
A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of 50 bottles Mariani Wine, states that H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

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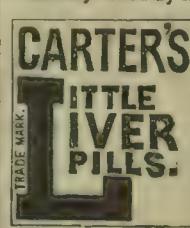


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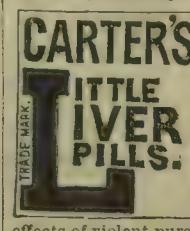


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the supreme success of an individual artist, who found a character congenial to her nature, and fairly dominated the scene. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was offered to, as I understand, and rejected by Mr. Hare. Supposing he had produced it, as he would have produced it, without the actress who made the play—would it have succeeded so well or made such a craze? For my own part, I very much doubt it. The play was the actress; the actress was the play. I have said before, because I know the circumstances of the case, that had Robertson produced "Society," as he intended to produce it, at the old Buckstone Haymarket Theatre, with its old-fashioned stock company, the play would have failed; it would have been torn to shreds, for it is not a particularly good play, and "Casto" and "Ours" would never have been written—nay, more, the Bancroft school might never have existed at all. For "Society" created the Bancroft school, and from mere amateurishness they went on to art.

But, as I said before, let Mr. John Hare decide this question of the public voice in the matter of plays. The success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" blinded his better judgment, as it has, unfortunately, blinded the better judgment of the authors who work so loyally with him. He tried the advanced "Mrs. Lessingham." It failed. He tried the advanced "Old Jew." It failed. He tried the advanced "Slaves of the Ring," with its fantastic unsettled problem. It failed. He goes back to "A Pair of Spectacles," one of the very best adaptations of a French original that has ever been presented to the stage since

George Henry Lewes, John Oxenford, and Tom Taylor reproduced French plays; and not only does the despised public delight in the work, but the old students of the stage applaud it, and not one of the new students of the stage has one word to say against it. There is no reason to raise the silly art cry in this instance. The work itself is a bit of art; the acting from one end to the other is faultless; and I place Mr. John Hare's Benjamin Goldfinch as one of the very finest creations I have ever seen, and I have seen some good acting in my time between the years 1860 and 1895, acting that I can remember in every phase and detail. Indifferent or commonplace acting is soon charitably forgotten, but the performances of such artists as John Hare, when compared with the very best that the imagination can conjure up, is not a thing to be despised. For here, remember, the artist works upon nature; elsewhere the artist battles with the unnatural. The one medium is familiar and pleasant; the other harsh and discordant. Who will think less of the artists—all of them artists—who failed to make headway against "Mrs. Lessingham," "The Old Jew," and "Slaves of the Ring"? They would all have given their heads to be connected with "A Pair of Spectacles," which did not win its success by convention, or commonplace, or trap, but only because the play in every scene and every character is charged with human nature, and that the silly craze for de-humanising nature has been fairly strangled at its birth.

I read an article the other day lauding Mr. Beerbohm

Tre to the skies for his nobility in producing plays that have failed. I cannot see the nobility of such a course. I could apply to it a more forcible word. Henry Irving has been as noble a friend to the drama as any man of our time, but he does not show it by producing failures in order to show up the stupidity of the majority "that is always wrong." He contents himself with accepting the public voice and setting his sails by the wind of public opinion, which is an aggregate of wise men, not of fools. If there had been a great public cry or demand for Ibsen or Maeterlinck, or German romances like "Once Upon a Time," or for the other Haymarket failures—which, remember, were not only in direct opposition to the public taste, but absolutely ill suited to the performers—then Mr. Tre would have been silly indeed not to have listened to the public voice. But heroically to produce failures is to make your own patrons sneer and the rest lose patience. For my own part, I never could see the cleverness or the originality in saying that black was white, or blue green. The cleverness of the modern maker of paradox and epigram is sheer contradiction. And the most successful of them preach art while they patch up commonplace with the mere tinsel of talk. In "A Pair of Spectacles," Mr. Sydney Grundy has decorated a clever French plot with dialogue as true and as natural, as sound and untheatrical as dialogue can be. But in "An Ideal Husband" Mr. Oscar Wilde has draped the most conventional and commonplace of tales with frippery and furbelows, and opines he is an artist for doing so. As

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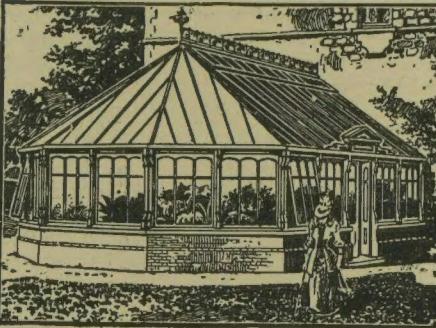
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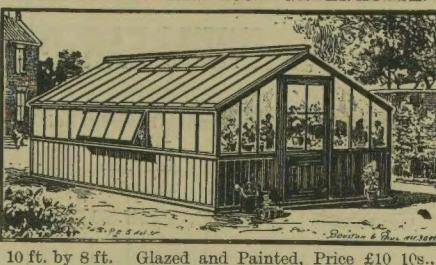
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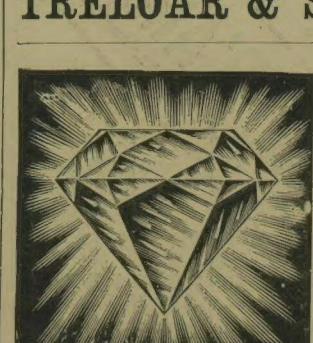


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well call a modern housewife an artist for covering cheap furniture over with Liberty rags, and plastering penny-a-yard paper over with French made Japanese fans, and calling it art.

It was delightful to welcome two more Terrys to the stage. The first is Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, who has a handsome appearance, a pleasant style, and a delightful method of elocution. The second is a clever little boy, the son of Charles Terry, the brother of Minnie Terry and the nephew of the ever-celebrated Kate, Ellen, Florence, Marion, and Fred Terry, who have all made a mark on the generation in which they have lived and done such excellent work. I remember well the evening at the St. James's when Miss Kate Terry (Mrs. Arthur Lewis), mother of the last débutante, took London by storm. She had been playing as the pretty *ingénue* in Horace Wigan's version of Sardou's "Nos Intimes" called "Friends or Foes." Miss Herbert was ill, and the girl Kate Terry was called upon to play Mrs. Union, the leading lady's character. She did it to perfection, and I don't think that Miss Herbert ever played the part again. From there Kate Terry went to the Lyceum as leading lady to Charles Fechter, creating the heroines of "The Duke's Motto," "Bel Demonio," and playing Ophelia to Fechter's Hamlet. Thence she went to the Olympic, in the days of Henry Neville, Charles Coghlan, and Henry Montagu, and wound up at the Adelphi in

the character of Juliet on the eve of her happy marriage to an artist and the friend of artists, Arthur Lewis, the hospitable founder of the Moray Minstrels.

Those who love a good farce should not miss "An Innocent Abroad" at Terry's Theatre. It is a capital play. Edward Terry is at his very best, and he has surrounded himself with a young but clever company. Mr. Terry also appears in the good old play "High Life Below Stairs."

The probable choice of the Royal Academy of a new Associate is much discussed in art circles. It seems possible that a certain American artist long resident in this country may obtain the coveted honour.

The veteran conductor Mr. August Manns, whose services to music it would not be easy to overrate, was presented on Jan. 21 with an ivory bâton mounted in gold by the Glasgow Musical Festival Committee. In Glasgow his work has been decidedly successful during the last fifteen years, and this recognition was particularly graceful, supplemented as it was by an address presented by the Society of Musicians.

Mr. Passmore Edwards' liberality in the cause of public libraries seems inexhaustible. He has just intimated his readiness to supply libraries to St. Ives, Helston, Penrhyn, St. Austell, Liskeard, Bodmin, and Launceston, if these

towns in his native county will adopt the Free Libraries Act. Such a promise should certainly induce the inhabitants to consider the advantages to be derived from these useful institutions, more and more necessary in these days of competition and education.

By a curious coincidence two important speeches were delivered on the same day by Premiers who resemble one another only in their youth. While Lord Rosebery was on his way to Cardiff to undertake the exhausting task of speaking to ten thousand people, Mr. Cecil Rhodes was addressing a large audience in the commercial atmosphere of the Cannon Street Hotel. Both utterances claimed much public attention: the first-mentioned was more oratorical, Mr. Rhodes being content to give a blunt statement of his opinions.

The ever-present question of pauperism was discussed by Mr. C. S. Loch, at a special meeting of the Charity Organisation Society on Jan. 21. The lecturer dealt with the decrease in aged outdoor paupers, saying that there were only 218,000 such persons out of a population of 29,000,000. The cost of pauperism per head of the population varied according to the price of wheat. Thus, in 1872 it attained the highest point, 7s. 0d., while after that date it had fallen to about 6s., but not decreased. The means of providing for old age said Mr. Loch, have, in the last twenty years especially, been almost unparalleled.

Lack of Nourishment
makes thin people,
and thinness is not healthy.

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the 10 minute

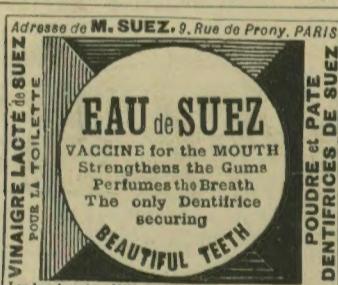
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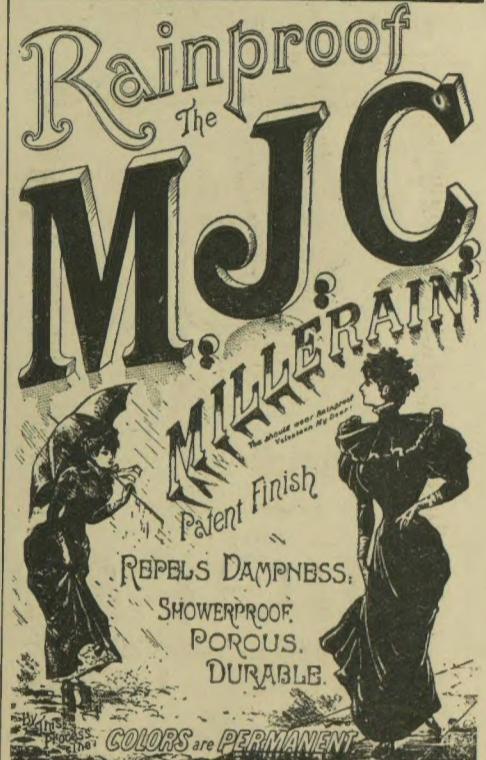
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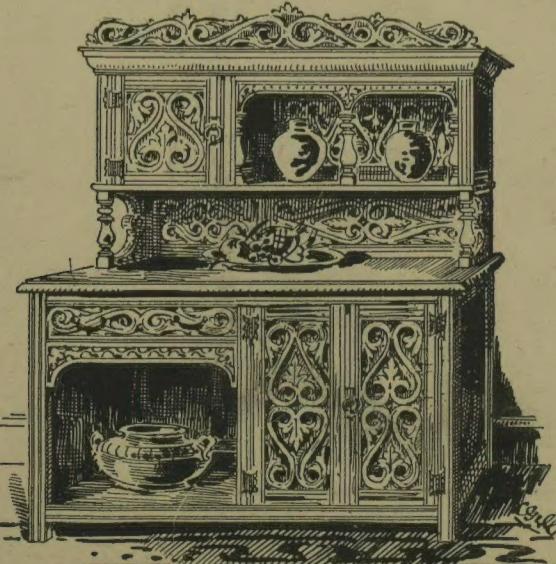
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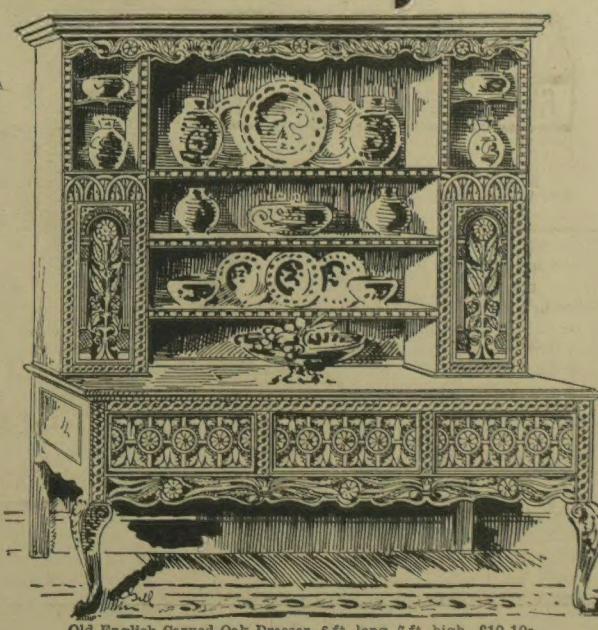
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